



An Eventful Year **In the Orient**

by Richard H. Pousma M.D.





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Richard H. Pousma, M.D.



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Dr. Richard H. Pousma and family



PREFACE

This book will fulfill its purpose if it presents in an easily readable way the impressions that I have received on my trip to China and during my stay there. It is not intended as an authoritative book on the Chinese people or their customs. It could impossibly be that as I was in China entirely too brief a time for that purpose. For such information books should be read written by authors who have been in China twenty years or more.

I feel, however, that I have been honest in recording my observations and if any inaccuracies should be detected by old-timers, I can assure them that they are unintentional.

The material included in this book is almost identical with that written in my diary immediately after the happenings described, and therefore may be of some value in showing the psychological reaction of a newcomer to the events at the time of their occurrence.

I herewith express my sincere thanks to Mr. Edwin Marx, Secretary of the Christian Church Mission in China, for permission to include in this book the record of his personal experience during the capture of Nanking. I have read several records of this type, but none so graphic as this one by Mr. Marx. Those who have been privileged with me to know and love Mr. Marx will be doubly appreciative for the inclusion of his story.

RICHARD H. POUSMA.



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**September 7th, 1926—aboard the “President Wilson”
of the Dollar Line—enroute to China.**

August 16th, 1926, was a great day for our little family of three. After weeks of preparation we finally had made the necessary purchases for our long journey and had all of it crated and boxed, or put in barrels, suitcases, or trunks. Late in the afternoon we said good-bye to our Grand Rapids relatives and friends, and tried to forget that we probably would not see them again in six or seven years.

In the evening of the 16th we were given a farewell by our Grand Haven people, and what a wonderful farewell it was! We were to be their missionaries, and they were out in full force to show that they were hundred per cent with us. First we had a big meeting in the Second Church, on which occasion we were presented with a liberal purse, and then, accompanied by hundreds of our loyal church folk, we were escorted to the lake steamer which was to take us to Chicago. I shall never forget the wonderful enthusiasm of our Grand Haven friends as they were bidding their farewells from the dock. Hymns, psalms, and cheers succeeded each other in as rousing a send-off as anyone could desire. Without intending to be such, the Grand Haven folks were real missionaries that night. Many passengers and other onlookers received the gospel message in song. Some of them spoke to me about it later.

The next day we were in Chicago and made our headquarters with the Hovings, loyal friends of the hard days when we were struggling through medical college. In the evening the recently organized Lay-

men's Missionary Society of the four West Side churches of Chicago tendered us a supper party, and then took us to the train.

Our next stop was with relatives and friends in Denver. I always get a great kick out of going to that Rocky Mountain city, and this time was no exception. It is such a big, clean, progressive, beautiful city, nestled in the top of numerous rugged snow-topped peaks, fourteen thousand and more feet high! No wonder the people of Denver are proud of their home and its majestic surroundings.

Next Rehoboth, New Mexico. Our Christian Reformed Church has a flourishing mission for the Navaho Indians at this place and we wanted to see something of the plant as well as visit with some of our fine friends who are employed there. We hit a terrifically hot and dry spell at this desert station, and felt as though we would all evaporate. Our baby, Yvonne, less than a year old, was particularly fussy about the heat. However, we survived, and the usual splendid cordiality of the Rehoboth folks enabled us to have a good time in spite of the heat.

The Grand Canyon was next on our route. Our first impression of the Canyon was much the same as that of our first view of Niagara Falls. Ever since childhood we had heard and read and pondered so much upon the magnitude of these marvels of Nature, that, when our ambition to see them was realized, there was a tinge of disappointment that they were not even greater than they actually are. However, the rent in the surface of the earth at the Canyon, a mile deep, is an astounding thing, and well worth traveling a great distance to see.

Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Beverly Hills with the many mansions of the movie stars were viewed with the assistance of a big, comfortable automobile

and a loquacious chauffeur. Los Angeles impresses one as being a mushroom town which has blossomed into greatness under the urge of an army of high pressure real estate salesmen. However, there are many splendid buildings in it, and some unusually beautiful streets lined with palm trees.

The next morning we went on to San Francisco with its incomparable harbor and live wire suburbs. We were guests at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vermeer, who proved to be ideal hosts. Rev. Hoekenga of our Alameda church also spent much time in showing us San Francisco and its surroundings.

In the early afternoon of September 4th we went aboard the "President Wilson." We had first-class accommodations and were given a comfortable roomy cabin. Letters, a telegram, flowers, and candy were waiting there for us and again made us feel how deeply our friends at home are interested in us and our work. Several members of Rev. Hoekenga's Alameda congregation had come aboard with him for a final prayer and farewell.

It was not long before a Chinese lad walked through the corridors with a musical gong as a warning to the visitors to go ashore. Then came the deep bass warning whistle of the boat itself. A strange feeling of lonesomeness came over us as we realized that all of our friends were leaving us and we were obliged to proceed on to China alone.

Rolls of colored paper tape were distributed to the passengers by the steamship company. One end of each roll was retained by the passenger and the other end hurled to the friends standing on the dock. In this way hundreds of gayly colored streamers extended from ship to shore, as though the friends would make it impossible for the ship to leave.

Finally the order was given for the huge cables to be released and the mighty ship began to drift away from its pier. We knew what that meant. It was good-bye America for us. But there was no regret in our hearts. It had always been my desire to be a medical missionary, and now I was finally sailing away to do just that kind of work in the most strategic of all missionary fields. We were grateful that our ideals were being realized. However, underneath it all there was just a twinge of regret that we had to leave all our dear ones behind, and we wondered how many would be missing before we could return.

It took us an hour to get out of the splendid San Francisco harbor and through the Golden Gates. As soon as we had passed through the gates we knew very well that we were on the ocean because of the rolling of the boat. There is a constant large swell on the surface of the Pacific Ocean, and this sways the boat back and forth as though it were a cradle. It made us feel rather dizzy and gave us headaches the first two days we were at sea, but in two days we became accustomed to it and now scarcely notice it.

The passengers on board are very congenial. They are much enamored of the baby and many want to hold it for awhile. Baby got her first two teeth while at Rehoboth. The other—an upper—came through while on board this ship. They do not seem to give her very much pain.

Yesterday noon we saw the "President Lincoln" pass us—far away—almost on the horizon. A few hours before it came opposite us we received a radio-gram from Angie Haan, our missionary nurse on her way back to San Francisco, sending us greetings and saying she would wave a green flag to us. Unfortu-

nately we were too far away to see the flag, even with our six-power glasses.

Sunday morning we had a religious service on board. This morning we had our first Protestant prayer meeting—at 7:30. About a dozen folks attended, and it was decided to make it a daily affair.

September 8th, 1926—about 500 miles from Honolulu.

This morning we saw our first flying fish. There were a dozen or more of them, apparently lying near the surface of the water as the ship approached, and then flying away to get out of the way of the steamer. They were of various sizes—some as small as a butterfly, others at least a foot long. I was also surprised to see them fly more than a hundred yards before dropping into the water. Their wings move very fast, much like a humming bird.

At noon a radiogram arrived from my uncle, Harry Hettema of Hilo, Hawaii, stating that he expected to meet us at Honolulu. We were very happy to get this message, as it will be splendid to meet one of our close relatives after a week at sea, and also because it will enable us to see the island during the day in the best possible manner.

About a dozen of the missionaries met in Cabin Number Two this afternoon at three to discuss the "superiority complex" of the missionary towards the natives. Many interesting views were raised—no conclusion reached.

Ollie and the baby are feeling fine. In spite of the fact that the youngster is teething, her physical condition and behavior are excellent.

The weather is definitely warmer. This is the first day that we had sunshine the greater part of the

day. Towards afternoon it became cloudy. No evidence of storm. White caps have been seen almost constantly since we left Frisco, but there has been no strong wind. We barely notice the rolling of the boat now.

September 11th, 1926—Honolulu to Yokohama.

Yesterday we visited Honolulu. Our boat reached harbor about 3 A. M. Shortly after six the cabin boys came around with coffee and toast. About an hour later we were all lined up on deck to be given a hasty physical examination by the immigration doctor. The doctor merely walked past the passengers, glancing at their faces to see if there was any gross evidence of severe disease. As soon as this was completed, anchor was lifted and the boat steamed to its dock.

The approach to the dock was inspiring. The Territorial Band was on hand playing a number of welcome pieces—and they surely can play. There were all kinds of people craning their necks out of the windows of the pier building trying to get a glimpse of their dear ones coming in on the "President Wilson." Our uncle Harry Hetteima was there too, and we were very glad indeed to see him. He gave us some very beautiful leis as an indication of welcome to the city.

We used a Buick roadster to see Honolulu and vicinity. Mr. Hetteima had spent four years in the Hawaiian Islands and was very well acquainted with the place, so he proved to be an excellent guide.

We were particularly impressed by the beautiful colors of the waters of the bay—and also of the mountain sides. The sides of the mountains are

mostly very sharp, almost like the Palisades. They have corrugations running from top to bottom, giving them a sort of washboard appearance. Rich vegetation covers the sides of these hills.

The decided tropical vegetation was charming to us Northerners—flowers of all colors in never-ending quantities, date and cocoanut palms galore, the monkey pod tree, for all the world like a hugely overgrown toadstool but with beautiful foliage, the immense sugar fields with countless irrigation ditches, the wet rice paddies, the pineapple farms, the banana trees—all gave a decidedly southern atmosphere to the place. The homes of laborers imported from the Philippines to work in the sugar fields were interesting too. They are small frame houses set on posts extending four feet from the ground.

We also visited the Pali. This is a narrow pass giving entrance from the interior of the island to the coast line. There is a cliff, some three hundred feet in height, on the coast side of this pass. It is reported that rival Hawaiian chiefs had a battle here at one time and that the defeated army was driven over this cliff to its death. A strange phenomenon of this pass is the exceedingly strong wind which constantly blows through it. This is so powerful at times that it has blown off the tops of touring cars. A beautiful view of the coast line is obtained from the top of the cliff.

We also visited Pearl Harbor. This is shaped like a huge bottle, with room enough for the entire American fleet. It is also a base of supplies. There must have been all of a hundred huge oil tanks on the grounds. The dry dock is said to be one of the longest and best in the world. Large machine shops are equipped to make repairs to ships. There is also

a radio sending station with antennae 600 feet high. Only a few ships were lying in this harbor—two submarines and a few mine layers.

We had luncheon at the Donna Hotel, and while there were introduced to Former Governor McCarthy.

Mr. Hettema returned to Hilo on the afternoon boat. We watched this boat pull out. About twenty strong Hawaiian lads had clambered up the sides of the boat to the fifth and sixth decks via ropes. When the boat was clear of the dock they dove into the water and swam about, waiting for passengers to throw coins into the water. They would dive for these coins and carry them in their mouths if successful in getting them.

Sellers of leis were abundant about the boat docks. These leis were made of most beautiful flowers or their petals. Many passengers—particularly of the steerage—came aboard with fully a dozen hung around their necks.

The Territorial Band was not present to bid us farewell when our boat pulled away from dock at seven o'clock in the evening. We regretted this very much, as we had heard a great deal about the marvelous way in which they played that famous Hawaiian farewell song, "Aloha Oe." People who have heard them play this song as a ship was leaving, say it is impossible to hold back the tears while they are playing.

September 14th, 1926—about 3500 miles west of San Francisco—2000 miles from Yokohama.

When we awoke this morning we noticed that the boat was considerably more restless than on previous days. This time the motion was not only from side

to side, as it has been all along, but also from end to end—a pitching of the boat. When I got out on deck at about 7 A. M. it was misty and rainy, and there was a considerable wind blowing. The ocean swell was much larger than it usually is, and the prow of the boat would heave up and down with these swells. Occasionally a large quantity of water would be picked up by the nose of the boat and washed over the deck. During the night some of the passengers who had been careless about closing their port hole windows got a soaking owing to water washing in through the windows. What we are going through is not a heavy storm by any means, but there is enough accentuation of the regular ocean swell to cause considerable pitching of the boat.

Last Sunday morning we had another religious service. The songs at this service were good, but the preaching was very poor. If that is a sample of the preaching done in home churches, it is no wonder folks are becoming irreligious. One could feel throughout that the living Christ was not present in the sermon. Sometimes I get the idea that down in their hearts these preachers believe the gospel and in Jesus Christ as their personal Savior, but that to avoid any friction on a boat of this kind they allow their deeper convictions to slumber and satisfy themselves with uttering a few superficial platitudes. We have a wonderful message. Why should we hesitate to give it when the opportunity is presented to us? Certainly the world is not slow to express itself when it desires. I am beginning to believe that there should be more aggressiveness and less supineness in our religious life.

Sunday afternoon we had a song service which lasted about an hour. This was led by a Y. M. C. A. secretary, Mr. Barbour, of Honolulu, enroute to

Shanghai to take a new position there. This service was excellent. Real evangelistic hymns were chosen and it made our hearts feel good to be there.

Baby is still doing well. She looks a bit pale and piqued, but is in good spirits. She remains very popular with the passengers.

There seems to be considerable disturbance in China. We learned that seven Britishers were killed and two of their vessels commandeered at Chunking. There is also much disturbance around Hankow.

Each day a "Radio News" is mimeographed and distributed to each passenger aboard the boat. Two of the reports regarding the Chinese situation follow:

"Four American warships are stripped for action between Hankow and Wuchang, where an American hospital has been heavily shelled and one of the gunboats fired upon."

"The squadron at Manila today prepared to head for Chinese waters on short notice, as the situation has grown more acute. Eighteen destroyers and some eight or ten gunboats with two ships especially designed for river work have been ordered to be ready at any moment to proceed to these waters."

These reports do not alarm us. We know that the troubles of the Chinese are frequently of an ephemeral character, but what is more important, that we are always under absolute control of an omnipotent Hand.

September 16th, 1926—about 1400 miles from Yokohama.

We lost a day this week—Wednesday. It seemed strange to wake up after Tuesday night and find it

to be Thursday morning. The crossing of the 180th Meridian accounts for this loss of a day. Because we are traveling in the same direction as the sun, the clock is set back about a half hour each day. If this should be kept up clear around the earth, the ship's time would be just twenty-four hours back of shore time upon reaching San Francisco again. So, in order not to get the time all bawled up, a day must be dropped somewhere enroute, and the 180th Meridian has been selected as the place where this is done. On the way back we shall gain a day here, and have to live the same day twice.

Gambling games of various description go on in full swing in the steerage. Some of the first-class passengers also started a fan tan game, the favorite gambling game of the Chinese. They meet in the smoking room. In this game a square is made upon the table, the sides being numbered respectively I, II, III, and IV. The amount the person wishes to bet is placed on one of these numbers, or on a corner of the square. A large unknown quantity of beans or buttons are then drawn with a turned-over dish from a larger mass on the table. The beans are counted by fours. The number of beans left on the table—1, 2, 3, or 4—when the counting has been practically completed, determines the winner. Those players having money on the lucky side receive four times they bet. Those having money on the corners have two chances of winning, i. e., the numbers of the sides which form the corner. However, when they win, their share of the money is only twice what they bet.

This gambling was done in the open. Many of the passengers were displeased with the affair and the captain was appealed to. He ordered a ship's officer, who was also playing, to come away from

the game, but said he had no authority to interfere with the liberties of the other passengers. However, the objectors maintained that he should stop it and that if any wanted to gamble they should do it in their cabins.

Thursday evening an Italian dinner was given at 8:30. Almost everyone was dressed in some Italian costume. Unfortunately some represented themselves as bootleggers, and carried real liquor, a number of them becoming drunk. Some of the punch served for dinner was fortified with alcohol, as also the egg nog. In the dancing, one woman had to be rescued by her husband when her drunken partner became too affectionate.

A very strong wind has been blowing yesterday and today, but strange to say, the boat rocks much less than it did on the 14th, when there was practically no wind. The reason is that the sharp choppy waves of the last two days have broken up the great heaving swells of the 14th, which probably were an aftermath to a distant storm. This 535-foot boat remains unaffected by the choppy waves. The big swells cause the swaying and pitching.

A few flying fish are still to be seen.

Babe is doing fine. She remains the pet of the passengers. The captain too has been playing with her. Ollie has started feeding her vegetables every evening.

More reports have come to us regarding trouble in China, but they are not so alarming as those of a few days ago.

Some of the interesting passengers we have on board are:

Mr. and Mrs. George Snyder of the Reformed Church of the United States—headed for evangelistic work about 1,000 miles up the Yangtse.

Mr. and Mrs. Blume with their children. Mr. Blume teaches law in a missionary college in Shanghai.

Dr. Russel. She is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. She interned in a Philadelphia hospital and is on her way to Shanghai to work in a women's and children's hospital (missionary) there.

Miss Grennan—acquainted with many of our Christian Reformed folks—a nurse graduated from Blodgett Hospital, Grand Rapids, Michigan—en route to the Philippines.

Miss Connoughey, to carry on the work started by Watson Pye, with whom she was associated a number of years.

Rev. Openshaw, a very live wire on board boat. He has had thirty-three years experience as missionary. His station is beyond Chungking, where the greatest disturbance is at the present time. During the past winter one of the woman missionaries of his station was beheaded, her head thrown into a public latrine, and her body robbed of money, necklaces, rings, etc. The murderer was later shot by the police.

On board this ship I met a British business man on his way to Canton. His outlook upon life is selfish to a degree. He says his sole interest in life is the well-being of himself, his wife, and his two children. He says he has no concern whatever concerning any other person. How selfish and empty such a life must be! No love for God and none for his fellow man. What a richer, fuller life we have, who have been taught to see in our fellow man, whatever his color, creed, wealth, or station may be, a brother created with us in the image of God and for the glory of God.

September 18th, 1926—6: 30 A. M.

On the 18th we had what threatened to be a real storm at sea. The wind was furious, and sprays dashed abundantly sixty feet high across the bow of the ship and promenade deck. Passengers watching the storm from the promenade deck forward had to wear rubber coats in order not to be drenched with the salt water. We had to keep our portholes on "B" deck closed. The cabin adjoining ours was flooded with water when a heaving wave came through the porthole. The night watch said that during the evening the spray dashed clear over the bridge.

Immediately after lunch on the 18th I went on the bridge, with the captain's permission. The bridge is a very roomy place and very well lighted. The object of perhaps greatest interest there is "Big Mike." This is an electrical device in contact with a large compass and is really the pilot of the boat. The human pilot determines the course that the ship is to pursue for a certain number of hours. He then regulates "Big Mike" so that it will steer the ship in that direction. If owing to wind or current the ship veers from a straight course, "Big Mike" is informed of the fact by the swaying needle of the compass and automatically adjusts the rudder to correct the position of the ship. "Big Mike" is an invention of recent years and exceedingly valuable to shipping industry. It keeps the ship in a much straighter course than human hands could do, and as a result there is a very material saving in fuel as well as time.

Another interesting feature of the bridge is the fire alarm. A glass enclosed box has in it the exits of forty or fifty pipes each about one inch in diam-

eter. These pipes come from various compartments of the ship where freight is present. A constant suction of air is maintained through them. If there should be fire in any of the compartments, smoke would immediately be seen in the exits of the pipes. An order would then be sent to the chief engineer to flood that compartment with steam, and the fire be choked in its infancy. The exits of the pipes arranged in rows, one above the other, give the appearance of a small pipe organ.

A different sort of fire alarm is used in the passengers' cabins. In the cabins rosettes of wire have been placed against the ceilings. These are covered with some sort of substances which melts with even a moderate amount of heat, thus allowing the wires to come into contact with each other and ringing the alarm.

There were several other instruments on the bridge, including the sextant, and abundant maps and drawings. Several times a day the exact position of the ship is determined.

I also spent a few minutes in the radio room. This is crowded with electrical instruments, which look very mysterious and complicated. The operators take turns in going on duty, so that night and day there is always someone present to receive and send messages. These operators are busy individuals as messages are being sent and received constantly. Because this service is so very busy there can be no radio entertainment for the passengers. A receiving set for this purpose would interfere with the work of the operator.

On the same afternoon I also visited the engine and boiler rooms. These are deep in the hull of the ship. This place is about three floors lower than our "B" deck, which in turn has four decks above it, so

that there are eight floors or decks in the ship. Oil is burned in the furnaces, and the fire is almost white hot. Oil is a clean fuel and seems to require very little attention. Two shafts, each at least a foot in diameter, ran from the engine room to the propellers and were continuously revolving at a rapid rate. The ship has its own ice plant and electrical plant.

September 19th, 1926.

I had been asked to preach today and gladly accepted the invitation. I was much concerned about this service because I knew it was well attended, and I longed to bring a real Bible message. The sermon used was my favorite—I Chron. 28:9. If it may have been of some help to strengthen folks in the old faith, I shall be very grateful indeed.

In the afternoon, about five P. M., we had another song service, just as we did last Sunday. This was rather poorly attended, but we had a good time singing many of the old favorites. Mr. Balfour again led us in this song service.

September 20th, 1926.

This was the day we were scheduled to reach Japan. There was much eager straining of eyes in an effort to see some evidences of approaching land. In the early morning flying fish were seen in great abundance—almost schools of them—far more abundantly than near the Hawaiian Islands. It seemed to me that the average flying fish was also considerable larger than those near Honolulu.

In the early afternoon we began to see round

poles, about two inches in diameter and six feet long, floating in the water. Then we began to see seaweed. Before long someone called out that land was in sight, and indeed, to the north of our course and ahead we could see a dark outline as of low distant mountains. About this time also our boat passed three small fishing boats. These looked like good sized rowboats, manned by three or four fishermen, and it seemed incredible that men would venture some forty miles from shore in a rough sea in such boats. On the horizon we also detected a few sailboats, and my, how good they did look after having sailed across the broad Pacific and only passing two boats over the entire route.

As we neared Yokohama we noticed a definite change in the color of the water. The water in the Pacific was of a surprisingly dark color. It impressed me as being much like blue-black ink as you look at it in a bottle. The color of the sky had no appreciable effect on the color of the water. It was the same on bright and on cloudy days. However, as we approached Japan, the water assumed a greenish hue, and this color was maintained all of the time that we were near Japan and in the Japan Inland Sea.

The bay at one end of which Yokohama lies is a broad expanse of water. Here the number of boats was very great. Large and small steamers were there, small fishing boats were plentiful, and there were small sailboats almost without number. It would seem that these waters would be fished out after all these years. A large dirigible was sailing along the south shore of the bay as we entered.

We saw Fujiyama, sacred mountain of the Japanese, in all its glory as we neared Yokohama. The Japanese are said to have a passionate fondness for this mountain. The story is told of a Japanese

lad who worked in America but became homesick for his own country and especially for Fujiyama. He finally managed to obtain passage, and on the way home his thoughts were constantly with his beloved Fujiyama. As he neared Yokohama he could not see the mountain because it was hid by a cloud, but suddenly the cloud was lifted, and he saw the mountain in full majesty. The shock was too great for the lad and he dropped dead on deck. As we drew closer to Fujiyama, the sun setting behind it cast a red glow over the mountain, and it seemed as though the upper third was afire—truly a marvelous sight.

Near Yokohama we saw some evidences of destruction caused by the recent earthquake. In the bay are several small islands, some of which are fortified. These forts are built of heavy concrete and large stones. One or two of the islands so fortified had the concrete and stone sadly broken up and piled on each other. In the city itself, hundreds of buildings had been destroyed. The pier buildings too were leveled.

Soon the immigration inspector's launch came puffing alongside. We were ordered to line up on the port side of the promenade deck in two lines. The Japanese officers counted all the passengers, to be sure they were all there, and then one of them, a doctor, gave us a hasty examination, consisting merely of a glance to see if we had any facial evidence of severe illness. Next, our passports had to be examined and stamped.

We then drew up to the dock—or pier. This pier was long enough to accommodate conveniently two 535-foot boats on each side. It had no buildings on it. These were destroyed by the earthquake and fire, and the concrete piers had only recently been rebuilt. The breakwater was still in partial ruins.

As our boat was being tied to the dock we saw a great fight on the pier. There must have been twenty or thirty Japanese piling on a white man, and beating him with their fists as hard as they could. He tried to get away, but they were after him like so many Jersey mosquitoes. No one on the boat was able to render assistance because the boat had not yet been fastened, and we were becoming much worried that they were going to kill the white man, when we saw a large, elderly European charge the crowd and hurl the Japs aside till he got to the white man. They seemed to have respect for the old man and did not pounce on him. The white victim was led to a spot of security, but it was evident from the bruises on his face that he had been banged up pretty badly.

With the white victim taken from them the Japanese started to fight among themselves, and my what a fight it was! They had two fights, and in both cases it was the crowd against one man. They don't seem to have the English spirit of fair play in giving a man a chance. I thought one of those fellows would surely be killed or thrown into the water, but again the old man intervened and saved the day. I don't know where the police were. They didn't show up till everything was completed.

In speaking later with the old man he told us that the younger fellow was an agent of the Dollar Line and had been ordered to keep Japanese peddlers off the boats. Just as the boat docked, or was about to do so, he put up signs to this effect and endeavored to keep the peddlers back of the rope. This incensed the peddlers greatly, as they had been accustomed to plying their trade on these ships for many years, and they pounced on the man. The older man, also an agent of the Dollar Line, said he had been at

Yokohama some twenty years, and well known to all the Japs there. He said his interference was not all bravery, as he had one hundred and fifty employes of his own on the pier who would have come to his assistance if he was in danger. It seemed to me, however, that it took a lot of nerve even at that, for those Japs sure were in a bitter mood.

This fighting made some of the passengers question the advisability of going ashore in such a country, but the desire to see this new fairyland was too great to be squelched by a few fights, and so almost all of us decided to go ashore.

As I went downstairs to leave the boat, I saw an elderly, oriental-looking man with light suit and straw helmet, and was surprised to find him looking for me. He said he was Dr. Oltmans of the Dutch Reformed Church, missionary to Tokyo now forty years. The day previously he had entertained Mr. and Mrs. Kamps and now came to get us. I assure you it was a wonderful treat to have someone acquainted with the country meet us in this fashion, and we are deeply grateful to Dr. Oltmans for it.

We decided to see Tokyo first and started out on an interurban train. At the station I was amused to note how low the ticket window was built. This was so at other stations also, and I almost had to double up to get a glimpse of the ticket agent. The Japanese are uniformly small fellows and so they have no trouble of this kind. It was interesting to note too that the names of the stations were painted in English as well as in Japanese.

There were two classes of cars on these interurban trains, second and third. The third class cars have two long seats running the length of the car and lots of room to stand. So far as I could see there were no rugs on the floor or on the seats—just plain

wood. We traveled second class. These cars are much like our own railroad cars at home—plush covered cushioned seats—facing each other, as in our Pullman sleeping cars at home. First class cars are found only on the through trains, and I have been told that they are much like compartment and drawing room coaches at home. Every little group of passengers have a room to themselves, with toilet facilities, and sometimes bath.

The distance from Yokohama to Tokyo is about twenty miles and is almost solidly built up. It is plainly a great factory district. Numerous mills were observed, many of them of a decidedly modern, well ventilated type.

As our steel train hummed along, as fast as a New York subway express, and we saw the excellent stations, the fine railroad signal system, the numerous factories, and the myriads of electric lights, we were deeply impressed with the progressiveness of these small yellow folks. They even go in for advertising with huge electric signs, which unfortunately we could not read. One very large and multi-colored sign attracted our attention particularly, and I asked a Japanese sitting next to me what it was advertising, and the answer was "Kirin Beer." You see we were in a non-prohibition country.

In Tokyo, as well as in Yokohama and Kobe, it was surprising how many well known American goods were on sale. One of the first familiar signs we met was "FORD Sales and Service," and they must have lots of Ford jokes in Japan too, for there were a great many of those little fellows rattling along. Other products advertised were Chevrolets, G. M. C. trucks, Campbell's Soup, Wrigley's Spearmint, Lux, Pepsodent tooth paste, and many others.

The Japanese wear strange-looking sandals.

These are worn by both men and women. They consist of a piece of wood shaped like the foot, but somewhat larger, and with strips of wood about a half inch wide running across the width of the foot, one under the ball of the sole, and another under the heel. They go clattering over the cement sidewalks with these and make a lot of racket with them. Children run along top speed on these strips of wood. One would think they'd break their necks on them.

Many Japanese wear kimonos, the men as well as women. It seems, however, that when the men are able to afford it they sport European clothes. Most of the men who appear to be somewhat affluent wear such clothing. Many of the women are dressed in beautiful silks, some of them in silk trousers. Their stockings have separate fingers for the big toes. This is necessary to permit the strap of the sandal to pass between first and second toes. Some of them wore cloth slippers painted gorgeously. I saw no bobbed hair flappers. On the contrary, the women wear a very high hair dress. These may be purchased by the women and pinned on the top of their heads.

The streets are as a rule very narrow, and not many of them are paved. Probably for this reason autos are not nearly so numerous as in the United States. The chief mode of travel in town is by street car, rickshaw, or bicycle. The towns are filled with bicycles. Occasionally a motorcycle comes putting along. Street cars and autos keep to the left of the road, but the rickshaws and bicycles appear to be a law unto themselves and ramble where they will, making an ungodly confusion.

The shops are chiefly wide open, like open air booths. They are very well stocked with the goods

they have for sale. Toys and books are the chief articles of trade. The Japanese are very fond of their children, and show it by giving them many toys. Our American youngsters would have the time of their lives if they could be permitted to walk some evening through these narrow, brilliantly lighted streets, with rows of toy shops on both sides. And such toys! Colored as brilliantly as a youngster's heart could possibly desire, and made with a cleverness that is astonishing. I had a lot of fun watching the shopkeepers demonstrate their wares, and of course took several things along for the baby to break.

It seems to me very significant that in these Japanese cities book stores are so abundant. I visited many of them. A large number of the books are written in English. While there are a few recent novels among them, the majority of the books are real study books—histories, geographies, medical books, books relating to engineering, electrical work, and seamanship. There were also all kinds of Japanese-American dictionaries and English grammars. One of these grammars, a large, bulky thing with fine print, was written by a Mr. Poutsma of Groningen, and I was wondering if the gentleman was some distant cousin. The Japanese are abundant readers too. Many a time we saw both men and women squatted on their haunches in house or shop reading a book. A nation that will study must be given serious consideration.

There were sixteen in our party visiting Tokyo, and the Japanese youngsters and women had a lot of fun watching us. Every time we'd stop at a shop a crowd of twenty to forty would gather about us. They seemed to be particularly amused at my alongation.

We returned to the ship the same evening, delighted with our first taste of Japanese life.

The next morning we decided to see Yokohama. We did so in rickshaws. These rickshaws—twenty or more of them—were lined up on the boat long before eight o'clock in the morning. We were told to make an agreement with the rickshaw men as to the amount of their fare before entering their vehicles. We knew the fare to be from eighty to one hundred sen per hour, which amounts to forty to fifty cents in our money. If they try to overcharge, all that is necessary is to walk away, and before you have gone a half dozen steps the pullers come yelling that they are willing to agree to your rate.

The rickshaw is like a small buggy. It has two large wheels with inflated rubber tires. The seat is just big enough for one person. It has a collapsible top exactly like the familiar buggy back home. The rickshaw man runs between two narrow shafts in front of the passenger. He is almost invariably a very muscular fellow, with an unusually large development of the calf muscles. They must have strong hearts too, for they will run continuously a mile or two pulling a good sized passenger.

Rickshaw riding is very comfortable, and an excellent way to see a town, but I must confess it gave us an unpleasant sensation to be pulled around by another human being. We consoled ourselves with the thought that the men were very eager for our patronage and that we were paying top prices for their efforts.

The Japanese were delighted with our baby. Women and children stopped to look at the strange, plump, fair, pink-faced baby, and were delighted when permitted to touch her hands. In the shops the salesladies cared more about the baby than about

making a sale. The Japanese seem to have a custom of presenting babies with a cheap, highly colored trinket when the youngsters are brought into their shops, even before they pay attention to the parents. Even the men succumbed to the baby's good nature. Occasionally a grim faced Japanese would approach, but a smile from Mrs. Pousma and a broad grin from the baby almost invariably brought a happy look to their faces.

Old-timers say Yokohama is not what it used to be. Before the earthquake it had many tall and beautiful buildings—also many splendid homes. Now the town is almost flat. The shops are almost all one or two stories high and built of wood or sheet metal. One large hillside, formerly covered with beautiful homes of foreigners, is now bleak—every home on it having been destroyed by earthquake or the fire that followed. However, several modern buildings are in the course of construction, and because of the excellent harbor facilities, Yokohama is bound to become a great city again.

At noon our boat left the city for the next lap, to Kobe. Fujiyama was faintly visible through the haze as we bid this section of Japan farewell.

September 21st, 1926—Yokohama to Kobe.

This was a very interesting trip because so much of it was made in sight of land. Japan is a country of islands, thousands and thousands of them. They look like mountain tops with the bases submerged. Apparently no land is permitted to go to waste in Japan. Flourishing towns are found on these mountainous islands. Many of the trees are cut

down and the mountain sides made to produce whatever food can be eked from their soil.

The water on this trip was decidedly green—quite different from the blue-black of the Pacific.

About thirty miles from Yokohama we passed a mountain island with smoke issuing from the top. The top was somewhat cup shaped and clouds of white smoke were coming from this cup. An experienced traveler told us this was one of Japan's active volcanoes.

The water was very smooth on this trip and it was most delightful traveling. There were not many first class passengers aboard, as many of them had taken the rail trip from Yokohama to Kobe, so we almost made ourselves believe we were seeing the world in a huge private yacht.

In the late evening we saw a marvelous sight. The foam on both sides of the ship produced by the prow cutting through the water was a brilliant green. The beauty of this beggars description. It was a pure, light green, flashing like fire. For comparison I noted that the green electric light on the starboard side of the ship was decidedly dimmer than the flashing green of the foam. It was a bright moonlight night, but the color showed up better on the side of the ship not affected by the moonlight. I noted too that when we passed through water with a very smooth surface the light was brighter than when the surface was slightly rough. Also that occasionally we passed through a very fine scum on the water, and when we did so there was almost a blinding flash of this green light. It was indeed with real regret that at a late hour we had to go to our cabin for a little sleep. Later we learned that this light phenomenon was a phosphorescent glow obtained by the ship stirring up water swarming with

tiny organisms which have a lot of phosphorus in their bodies. When the water is a bit rough on a bright night, so that there are many breakers, it sometimes seems that the whole sea is afire.

September 22nd, 1926.

We arrived in Kobe about noon. This is a real factory town. Numerous large factory buildings with their great smokestacks may be seen from the ship as it enters Kobe harbor. There is also considerable shipping done here. There were all of a dozen large steamers and countless smaller boats lying behind the breakwater.

The buildings in Kobe form a sharp contrast with earthquake-stricken Yokohama. In Kobe there are many fine stone office and hotel buildings, four to seven stories high. Many of the streets are well paved, although by no means such a large percentage of them as in our American cities.

Again we used rickshaws to see the town, Mrs. Pousma and the baby in one, I in another. These rickshaw men are always trying to put one over on the Americans. In one instance I had agreed to pay fifty cents an hour for a short trip—a liberal price. We arrived back at the boat in a bit less than an hour, and I thought I would be liberal and pay my man the full fifty cents anyway. However, before I could do so he said, "One yen, twenty," or sixty cents in United States coin. This riled me, and I told him in rather emphatic tones that fifty cents was all he would get. As a matter of fact I should have paid him only the forty cents I owed him, after he tried to gip me in that manner. These arguments with rickshaw men are frequent, and the only thing

to do is to "take the bull by the horns" and simply pay them what you think they ought to have. That is the advice of seasoned travelers. The word of the passenger is regarded as law by the police, who are well acquainted with the tactics of rickshaw men.

The main shopping street of Kobe is so narrow that automobiles are not permitted on it. Rickshaws, bicycles, and feet are the vehicles for travel there. It is a very busy, colorful place, crowded almost all the time. The girls back home would have a glorious time on this street. The finest silk—coats, kimonos (reversible), dresses, skirts—crystal beads, lacquer work, steel ornaments with pictures inlaid with gold and silver, fancy chop sticks, hand-painted china, and all kinds of pictures—all at a price that would be regarded ridiculously low in the United States. The temptation is strong to send much of it to the homeland in presents, but unfortunately the duty is so high—often ninety per cent—that the recipients are not always glad to see the parcels come. Our government will not permit the duty to be prepaid.

Many folks try to barter with the sales people in Japanese stores. However, this ordinarily is not successful. It must of necessity be done in China, but not in Japan as a rule. Besides, with one of these supremely polite Japanese sales girls smilingly offering her goods, who would have the heart to barter with her for a lower price?

In the evening we had a Japanese supper, and what a supper it was! I did not relish the idea of an oriental meal, as I am a lover of good old Dutch food, and many of these outlandish foods do not sit right. However, I was naturally curious as to what a real Japanese meal would be like. Moreover, I was with a party of twelve and had to go along. Upon

entering the place we were politely told to take off our shoes. This was a bit alarming, as it was a hot day and we had just gotten through climbing a mountain near Kobe. The Japanese appreciated that and as soon as we were seated in the dining room they started to burn incense.

For this supper we had a room all to ourselves. It was scrupulously clean. There were no chairs in the room. The floor was covered with heavy matting. On these mats were three tables, each about four feet square and standing eight inches off the floor. A ten-inch hole was cut in the center of the table. A leather covered pillow was placed on each side of the table and we promptly squatted.

Very soon two girls entered. They placed pans with water in the holes in the tables. Then in each of these pans they set a little charcoal stove. A skillet was placed on this stove. A little fat was stirred in the skillet. Then some greens were placed in it, mostly onion tops. On these greens very thin slices of beef were placed, soy juice was poured over all of it, also some water, and then, to my astonishment, about three heaping tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. As this mixture started to cook, the girls turned it a few times.

The odor of this mixture cooking and frying was enough to drive a hungry man wild. Bowls of rice were placed before us and then we were told to use our chopsticks to take the meat and vegetable mixture out of the pan and spread it over our rice. It proved to be as delicious a food as anyone could possibly desire; and this recipe for "skiaki," as it is now called, is now one of my wife's choicest possessions. Green tea without sugar or cream was served as a drink. The Japanese believe the tea must be piping hot and if any of us allowed it to become

lukewarm it was thrown out and replaced with fresh, boiling hot tea.

After supper we noted a beggar on the street. This was our first experience with an oriental beggar. He was dressed in the worst kind of rags and lay in the dust on the street crawling about like an animal and crying with a wailing voice for alms.



A WOMAN BEGGAR

Women as well as men are found begging on the streets of China towns. Sometimes they will rent a baby, preferably one who is very thin and sickly, and will then display this baby in such a way that it will arouse the sympathy of the passerby.



ANOTHER CHINESE BEGGAR

These people suffer a great deal with their diseased bodies, ragged clothes, and poor food. If a foreigner comes along and gives them a few coppers for the privilege of taking their picture, it is a happy time for them.

While in Kobe we ran across one of the fire department's houses. They don't seem to have a fire alarm system in this otherwise progressive city. A

fireman is seated in the top of a fifty-foot tower on a hill, constantly on the watch for outbreak of fires. In a small shack at the foot of the tower there was a tank of chemicals and a reel of small hose, looking like the equipment of a volunteer fire department in one of our towns in the United States with about five hundred population. I don't know what they could possibly do if a real fire broke out. The Japanese houses and stores are almost all of wood, built tightly against each other, and only one or two stories high. With a strong wind a fire would just run through the whole business in no time.

Upon reaching the boat, it seemed good to be back on a United States ship again. Before retiring I watched the men load and unload. The cranes lift enormous loads from the hold of the ship, about sixty feet down, and then over the side of the boat down onto the pier. Much recklessness is shown in handling this freight. While I was watching the transaction a large and very heavy bolt of yard goods slipped from the holding ropes of the crane and went hurtling to the bottom of the ship. One or two other loads had the same experience. In cases like this it is up to the men below to be on the watch, for if they are ever struck with an article like that their lives are snuffed out. But life is cheap in the Orient and probably not much attention would be paid to it.

September 23rd, 1926—All day on Japan Inland Sea.

This trip on the Inland Sea of Japan is very beautiful. This section of Japan seems to consist of a partially submerged mountain range, with the tops extending from one hundred to six hundred feet above the water. These tops are often very close

together, so that as the ship passes between two the distance between them does not seem to be much more than that of a fairly broad river. These hundreds, perhaps thousands, of islands are very beautiful. Every one fit to live on is occupied and cultivated. They are of a deep rich green.

Many of these mountainous islands are said to be strongly fortified by the Japanese. It is forbidden to take pictures of them. Several of the passengers did so, however, without knowing about this law. One of them observed by the captain was warned of his transgression and the word was quickly passed along. This warning is probably more of a formality than anything else, as I dare say that pictures of every island in the sea lie in the files of Intelligence Bureaus of every first-class nation.

All ships going through this Inland Sea are piloted by Japanese. The Japanese maintain that only Japanese pilots know the waters well enough to wend their way safely through the maze of islands. However, one of the passengers remarked that after the earthquake in Yokohama, American torpedo boats in Chinese waters were ordered to the stricken port with relief supplies at top speed. They did not wait for Japanese pilots at the Inland Sea, but rushed right through it at more than twenty knots per hour.

This Inland Sea is a very busy place. Many cities are located along it. Traffic between these cities is heavy and is done chiefly by boats about two hundred feet long, most of them steel, and looking like small ocean liners. We passed at least thirty of them during the day we were in these waters. There are also fishing boats without number. The pilot must be on the watch all the time not to run over these small boats. At one place a small tug boat was

pulling five barges. The captain of the tug wanted to cross from one island to another opposite it. He undoubtedly saw the big "President Wilson" coming, but didn't care to wait for it and started to cross. The pilot of our boat saw the danger and ordered the engine in reverse. It was too late. We were sure to run into the rope between barges two and three. The Japanese sailors then got busy and cut this rope before our steamer ran into it. There sure were some excited Japs on the tug and its barges, and if we could have understood the jabbering I am sure we would not have found it very complimentary to the officers of our boat. It meant at least an hour's work to swing around and connect up those heavy barges again. As a matter of fact, our ship had the right of way. I was glad for avoidance of inter-racial friction that a Japanese was piloting the boat at the time.

As we left the Inland Sea we stopped for a moment to drop off the Japanese pilot and then steered our course into the Yellow Sea. This was at sunset, and a very beautiful sunset it was. The evening was bright as could be, and the full moon shining from the direction of Japan upon the waters back of our ship made an indescribably beautiful picture. We were seated in comfortable wicker chairs on the tea deck in the rear of the ship. It was one of those wonderful, soothing nights that we sometimes dream of.

September 25th, 1926—at Shanghai.

When we woke up on the morning of the 25th we found the ship in dock on the Whangpoo River at Shanghai. Shanghai does not lie on the Yangtze

River. In order for boats to reach it, the boats must leave the Yangtze and travel about twenty miles up the small Whangpoo River to Shanghai.

Upon getting off the boat we were delighted to see the familiar faces of Dr. Huizenga and Rev. Smit. Shanghai lies on the opposite side of the river to which our boat docked, and we had to get on a small steamer that looked like a tugboat, to cross the river. The customs jetty for which we were bound lies a bit upstream, and it took us about twenty minutes to get there. On the way we passed all kinds of boats, from rowboats to ocean liners, and I assure you there were many of them. We also passed a row of war vessels. Among them was a very business-like cruiser flying the American flag. It sure was a sight to make an American's heart feel good. With all the fighting going on in China right now it is a rather comfortable feeling to know that these man-of-war are lying in the Shanghai harbor ready to start instantly in the event of danger to foreigners along the Yangtze.

Passing customs was a very simple matter. The Chinese do not demand that the trunks be opened unless contraband goods such as firearms are declared by the passenger. So it did not take us long to be on our way to the Missionary Home.

At the jetty we met Rev. and Mrs. Kamps, who had arrived a day or two before. Rev. and Mrs. Selles, also new missionaries, were already at Nanking.

Dr. Huizenga, Kamps, and I walked to the Missionary Home. The others took a street car. On this walk of about a mile I got my first taste of real Chinese life. It was a sweltering hot, sticky day. One of the first things to draw my attention was the brutal expression on the faces of so many of the

Chinese, their rags and their filth, and I wondered what would happen if the hordes of hundreds of thousands of these Chinese should suddenly pounce upon the few thousand whites in the town.

Talk about dirt. Phew! I never in my life saw such filth. Many of the streets were narrow, with both sides lined with small Chinese shops. These



HUMAN SLAVERY

Such a sight as this is common in China. Horses and cattle are few there, because they eat so much it does not pay to keep them; besides, they would do a great deal of work that men can do. These coolies work for five or six dollars a month, and pull such loads as these for miles. The carts on which the material is packed are two-wheeled. They usually have ropes attached to the front of the cart and one end of this rope is held over the shoulder of the pulling coolie. There is always one man in back of the cart to steady the load. We hope that some day this terrible drudgery in China may be abolished and that the country may enjoy some of the prosperity that we so richly have in our own country.

shops were mostly very dirty, and many of them seemed to be filled with rotten food. It is good to eat after it is thoroughly boiled.

The streets are crowded. Most of the streets have very narrow, if any, sidewalks and people ramble all over the road. Rickshaws everywhere, with the rickshaw men constantly shouting to the people

to get out of their way. Loads pulled by coolies were also frequent. This is a tragic sight. Great heavy loads are piled on two-wheeled carts. Horses are not needed where man power is so cheap, and three to five men pull on ropes attached to such rigs, while one or two are in back pushing and steadying the outfits. It is hard going. The men are almost



MORE SLAVERY

This picture shows a group of coolies dragging a heavy load up an incline. At times the load will be so big that it takes twenty or thirty men to pull it. It is not so bad in the winter, but in the terrifically hot summers of the Yangtze Valley, it is gruelling work. The men then strip to the waist and sweat pours down their backs.

doubled up as they tug along. A rag lies upon their shoulder so the rope will not cut into the flesh. They are stripped to the waist, and their dark backs are shiny with dirty, stinking sweat. At night loads weighing many tons are pulled through the streets by thirty or more coolies. Human beings living under such conditions could not be conceived of in America.

Shanghai is very well policed. It seemed that there was at least one policeman at every street

crossing, and frequently there were three or four. Some of these are the famous Indian sikhs that the British have introduced to Shanghai. Most of these are several inches taller than the average Chinamen. Every one of them has a long, heavy beard. Most of them have a rifle slung across their shoulders and carry a stout bamboo rod in their hands. They seem to have a lot of contempt for the Chinese, and the latter are much afraid of the sikhs. The sikhs are very free in the use of their bamboo rods, and if they happen to be displeased with the actions of any of the Chinese they whale them unmercifully over the head and back with these rods. While we were walking along we saw one Chinese kneeling in the dust of the street with clasped hands uplifted, pleading with a sikh for mercy.

We were very glad when we finally reached the Missionary Home. It seemed good to get off the hot streets with the terrible poverty everywhere evident, and be able to be in the company of fellow whites in an institution run by whites. This Missionary Home is a sort of hotel run by an English woman, Miss Edith Spurling. The object of the Home is to aid missionaries while they are in Shanghai. Representatives of the Home meet missionaries at the dock, help them get their goods through customs, and then forward both to their destinations. At the Home there are comfortable rooms and good food to be had at cost. This institution is not under church control. Miss Spurling is doing the work on her own initiative, and bearing all risks herself. In doing so she surely is making her life very useful.

While we were having our meals at this place we noted one interesting oriental custom. Above each table was a long bar with a light yellow cloth hanging down from it about two feet. These were fans

to keep the flies off the food and to keep the air in circulation. A series of pullies concentrated in one stout line on a stairway, and here a Chinese boy was posted with instructions to keep the fans moving.

In the afternoon we piled into an auto and rode around town for about two hours. On this trip we went through some of the more prosperous sections. The richest street in Shanghai is the Bund, a wide avenue along the river. On this street splendid big office buildings have been erected, housing business concerns of all the great nations. We noticed some Dutch names too. On another street we saw some large department stores. These would do credit to the largest cities in our United States. They were really beautiful and had a very large stock of almost anything a person could want to buy. We also passed through some residential districts. The foreigners in Shanghai live in beautiful homes, most of them having a large lawn surrounded by a high wall. They have their own churches and schools, and these are of the very best.

The foreigners of Shanghai appreciate the importance of being prepared for defense in the event the Chinese should break loose. For defense they have the warships in the harbor, a few regiments of foreign soldiers, a small army of sikh police, and the foreign inhabitants themselves. Each foreigner in Shanghai is listed by a defense committee. They know about his experience in fighting and how well he can shoot. In the event of real danger the alarm is given and each foreigner takes the post assigned to him for protection of the foreign community. In the student outbreak some time ago, the foreigners were under arms for defense.

On this trip we also visited a large, old-fashioned Chinese temple. Here we had our first experience

with the Chinese system of "squeeze." This is a universal policy in China of getting all the money out of friend and foe that is possible. Talk about greed for gold among Americans, they are generous uncles compared with the average Chinese. This is not my personal opinion alone based upon the few superficial observations made, but has been told me repeatedly by long experienced missionaries here. In the particular temple incident we were met at the door by a group of five or six Chinese who demanded thirty cents apiece from our party of six as an entrance fee. We rebelled, but finally agreed to pay them thirty cents for the whole party. A few steps farther a woman thrust a bunch of pink sticks into our hands and of course she had to be paid a little. When we entered the place where sacrifices were being made we were presented with a sheet written in very poor English appealing to our "benevolence" to make a gift to the temple for its restoration. A list of givers was appended, most of whom had donated a dollar. They would not let us into the farther rooms of the temple until we had made another payment. We were getting tired of this money grab by this time, and decided to return to our auto. At the exit one of the Chinamen who had gone into the temple with us insisted upon payment. I had a pocket full of Chinese coppers, worth about ten American cents, and gave those to him. He wanted more, but by this time we had gotten into a state of mind where it would have taken the whole Chinese army to get another penny out of us.

We were very happy to get down to the river boat "Poyang" that evening about nine o'clock. There were only two first class passengers aboard besides our own Christian Reformed missionaries, and so

we had lots of room and felt assured of a restful trip. At 2:00 A. M. we were to weigh anchor for Nanking.

September 26th, 1926—on the Yangtze to Nanking.

This morning I got my first view of the Yangtze. My, what a river! On both sides of us the shore line was so far away that it could barely be seen. The water was yellow with mud, but not nearly as much so as the Missouri River in our own country. The Yangtze is not only wide, but also deep. Large steamers can travel a thousand miles inland upon its waters.

The boat we were on is about two hundred feet long. Our cabins were on the top deck forward. Just in front of our cabins stood the pilot at his wheel. We were interested to note that the part of the deck occupied by him was protected on both sides by sheets of steel at least a quarter inch thick. These sheets of steel were built from roof to floor on this deck and ran about twenty-five feet on each side. A favorite sport of the Chinese is to try out their rifles on passing river steamers, particularly British steamers such as this one was, and therefore some armor was necessary.

As I said, there were only two first class passengers besides our missionary group, but there were crowds of Chinese in steerage, and the boat was also heavily laden with freight. I had occasion to go through the room where the Chinese were herded together. My vocabulary is too limited to give due expression to the heat, filth, and stink of this room into which some three hundred Chinese with their bedding and baggage had crowded.

As it was Sunday, we had a little service together in the morning in the social room downstairs. A piano was there and we had a very pleasant time together.

Rev. and Mrs. Smit decided to go directly to Jukao instead of continuing on to Nanking. They got off our boat in the afternoon. It was very interesting to note the way the passengers got off the boat at this and other ports. The Chinese paddle a large flat-bottomed boat into mid stream and then permit it to float down about a half mile. When the steamer catches up to it a stout rope is thrown from the steamer into the barge. This is picked up immediately and fastened to an iron peg set into the front end of the barge. A smaller rope holds the rear end of the flat boat to the big river steamer. Then everyone that wants to get off piles into the barge as rapidly as possible. Baggage and freight is also hurried off. During all of this time the steamer keeps on going. By the time it has gotten upstream as far as the port, all passengers and goods have gotten onto the barge and the ropes are released. In this manner no large dock facilities are required, and practically no time is lost by the steamer because it is not compelled to tie up at a dock.

We had occasion on this trip to note some of the military protection of the river. Several Chinese gunboats were passed. These are small vessels, about a hundred feet long, and look very harmless. They are under control of General Sun, who is war lord of these five provinces. We also passed a Chinese fort. This was located at a place where the river is rather narrow and lined with mountains. Several guns were noted. It was easy to see that this spot was fitted by nature to be an excellent place

for river fortifications, and with foreign brains and gold powerful forts could be built there.

On this afternoon we had a very sad experience. A cry was suddenly raised that a man had fallen overboard. One of the Chinese in steerage had been leaning over the rail, lost his balance, and fell into the water. The Chinese are afraid of water and very few of them can swim. Besides, here is a strong undercurrent in the Yangtze, and so this man had not much chance to save his life. As quickly as possible the steamer was turned around and piloted down stream about a mile while the officers searched the waters with field glasses, but not a sign of the drowned man was seen, and so we resumed our journey up stream.

It was a hot day. In the evening the deck was alive with big bugs, most of them like the large "pinching bug" so familiar to the folks of Michigan. Fortunately they loved light rather than darkness, so that by keeping our cabins dark we were not disturbed by them during the night. We had a mosquito net for the baby.

September 27th, 1926—Second day on the Yangtze en-route to Nanking.

There is not much to relate about the rest of our river trip. The river at this part of the journey is not so wide as it is the first hundred miles from Shanghai, but it is still a very large stream, wider than the Mississippi at New Orleans. Many pagodas are seen on top of hills along the river. We were greatly surprised to note the great uninhabited reaches on both sides of the Yangtze. I had an idea

that China was overcrowded, but one surely does not get that impression on this river trip.

In the afternoon we reached Nanking. The first thing to catch the eye here is a huge egg warehouse, many stories high. This is run by foreigners. I believe they have a process for drying the eggs and making powder of them, which can then readily be shipped anywhere in the world. Eggs are cheap here—about ten cents a dozen—so that it becomes a profitable industry. You may remember that last year the Chinese went on a strike and refused to do any work at all for foreigners. It happened that at the time there were many millions of fresh eggs in this Nanking warehouse. With the Chinese refusing to work, the eggs began to rot, and the resulting aroma is said to have been apparent for miles in all directions. The Chinese who were able to do so obtained sweet-smelling flowers and walked along the streets with these held to their noses.

Lying in front of Nanking we noted four war vessels, three of them small Chinese boats, and one river gunboat, flying the flag of the dear old U. S. A.

At Nanking our river steamer tied up to the dock, for it was to remain there several hours unloading freight. This "dock" is a disgraceful thing. It is really the hulk of a very ancient large boat, and a bridge runs from it to the shore. Rev. and Mrs. Selles were up on the roof of it ready to give us a hearty welcome, and we sure were glad to see them.

Our first job in getting to shore was to dicker with the coolies to carry our trunks off the boat. Fortunately we had Dr. Huizenga with us, and he did the talking. Usually a high price is demanded at first, but a little strong talk, and especially the threat that we would take them off ourselves, brings them to terms. Woe unto the man who has something so

bulky that he cannot handle it himself. The coolies note that at once and do not hesitate to take advantage of it. One of the missionaries some time ago had a bed in a huge crate. He could not begin to handle it himself and the coolies knew it. All that was necessary was to move it a few feet off the boat. For this the coolies insisted upon receiving \$10.00. They wouldn't touch it for less, and because the missionary couldn't handle it himself he simply had to pay the exorbitant price.

While the coolies were carrying the trunks I noticed two of them quarreling violently before picking up a trunk. I asked Dr. Huizenga what the rub was, and he said they were arguing as to who would carry the heavy end of the trunk. I do not know how they determined which was the heavy end. I never noticed any difference between the two ends, but that is said to be Chinese style—always take the easy end of it. Let the other fellow do the hard work.

There were no taxis to take us to our boarding houses. Automobiles are few in Nanking, but rickshaws are as plentiful as mosquitoes on a sultry night in New Jersey, and there were also plenty carriages. These carriages are light, little things, built much like the carriages used in America seventy years ago. The driver sits on a high seat in front. Back of him the body of the carriage is low with two seats facing each other. These seats are covered with cloths that perhaps once were white. A little Chinese pony pulls the outfit. These little ponies have lots of pep and keep up a constant, rapid trot.

Our baggage had been spread about into a dozen of these carriages by ambitious drivers, who insisted that we ride with them. Finally we managed to get it all together in about three of them, and started for our boarding houses. On this trip we passed through

some terrible looking streets. Filth and poverty abounded, and I wondered if we would ever get used to it. Soon we passed through one of the great gates of Nanking to within the city walls, and breathed a



A NANKING TAXICAB

There are very few automobiles and no street-cars in the big city of Nanking. Most of the traveling is done in these rickshas. Rickshas are, as a rule, very comfortable with their rubber-tired wheels. At first you experience an unpleasant sensation in having a fellow human being pull you around town, but when you realize that your patronage means bread and butter to the ricksha puller, and that he is very eager to have you ride with him, and furthermore that this is practically the only way that you can go about town with any degree of rapidity, your scruples are soon taken away. A ricksha coolie feels he is well-paid with thirty cents an hour. These men are used to running and will keep up a steady gait for two or three miles.

sigh of relief when we reached our boarding house and found it to be a large, airy dwelling, with plenty of grass and trees around it, and a high stone wall protecting this lawn. The baby will at least have plenty fresh air and sunshine.

October 24th, 1926—in our room at Mrs. Griffing's Home—Middle School Compound—Nanking.

It is almost a month ago since we arrived in this city, and there have been many changes since that

time in our knowledge of the place and also in our attitude toward it.

Our boarding house is an old place. It is a two-story affair with porches running almost clear around the house on both first and second floors. The brick work on the outside is crumbling somewhat and there is also some crumbling of the plaster indoors. The plaster in the corners is cracked, and hundreds of tiny bugs, like small ants, crawl out of the corners at night and spread themselves over the wall in the neighborhood. They do not annoy us. Each evening from two to five spiders crawl through the cracks and take their stations on the ceiling. We have not been killing these because I have an idea they are out for their supper of bugs and are therefore friendly to our cause.

The house stands on a plot of ground about one hundred and fifty feet square, and this is surrounded by a stone wall. Within the walls there is a vegetable garden in one corner of the plot, and the rest is laid out as a lawn, with quite a few trees and shrubbery on it. This is kept in fairly good shape.

Our room is rather large—about ten by twenty feet—and has a small adjoining room, which is used as a toilet and washroom. A funnel-shaped sink has been attached to the wall and empties into a gutter running on the outside of the house. In this little room there is also a fairly good sized clothes closet.

There are not many things furnished with our room. We have an old but rather comfortable bed, but must furnish our own bedding. There is also an old writing table and a plain chiffonier, or rather chest of drawers. The room has a fireplace. We have also purchased a stove. Three chairs have been furnished us. There is no rug on the floor.

We feel fairly well satisfied with what we have.

There is no luxury here, but we ought to be comfortable in this room for one winter at least. The room has a door which opens onto the second story porch, and this is a God-send for the baby, as we can set her crib out there every day, so that she can sleep in the fresh air an hour or two.

The first day I was here I was much annoyed by tiny fleas. These bit me around the ankles with great vehemence. The fleas are in the rugs downstairs and hop up for their supper while we are having ours. I noticed the same thing while we were visiting at the Huizenga's cottage in the evening, and the sting was almost unbearable.

There were also quite a few mosquitoes when we first came here. These, of course, were very glad to make my acquaintance. In fact, any bug within a few miles of me is sure to come around for its feast.

Our host and hostess are Mr. and Mrs. Burgoyne Griffing. Mr. Griffing is a teacher of physics in the University of Nanking, a missionary school.

The first morning we were here we were awakened by the sound of firing of rifles and machine guns. I knew they were fighting a couple of hundred miles up the river, and wondered if a force had quietly gotten this far down the river and were attacking Nanking. However, I learned later that it was merely rifle practice.

We found the people here not very much worried about war conditions. The fighting is going on at Wuchang, a walled city of considerable size, two hundred miles up the river. I spoke with one of the missionaries who had just visited this city, and she said the suffering was intense. People were starving. They had eaten every blade of grass, shrub, and edible root in the city. These Chinese towns have many rats, but in Wuchang the folks had eaten

practically all the rats in town, so that bodies left dead on the street were untouched by these animals. The foreigners in the city were not much alarmed, she said. They were doing what they could to relieve the suffering. Governments of various nations had about twenty war vessels, including large cruisers, in the river directly opposite Wuchang. They had enough guns there to blow the entire town to pieces. The inhabitants of the town, while nominally under the Northern General Sun, yet appear to favor the attacking enemy, which is an army from the South, representing the Kuominchun, or people's party. This army seems to represent the Nationalist party, originated by Sun Yat Sen.

The Chinese are rather fastidious about their fighting, according to missionaries who have been through their battles. For instance, at meal time both sides quit firing so they can enjoy their food in quiet. After lunch in the afternoon they quit until four o'clock, for during that time they must take their afternoon naps. Missionaries take advantage of this when they want to pass between the lines, as it is a fairly safe thing to do when done at these intervals of rest. A Chinese would not think of fighting on a rainy day. They dislike water very much, and when it rains and they are out in the open, they put up their umbrellas and march that way. Shortage of rubber coats is undoubtedly a big reason for this.

We started our language school work the second day we were here. First we had Mr. Samuel Mills, the Dean, introduce our Chinese teachers. The grand poo-bah of these teachers is Mr. Gia. He is a humdinger. He is the chief of the Chinese teachers, and the one who teaches us our new words. The

other teachers are used for reviewing purposes, and also to teach us Chinese writing.

Mr. Gia makes class work exceedingly interesting to us. He speaks only Chinese. His method is to take hold of an object or point at it, and then give us the Chinese word for it, making us repeat it until he is satisfied that we have pronounced it nearly correctly. If the object is not at hand, he tries to represent it. For instance, in demonstrating a rickshaw he took hold of the back of a chair and pulled it after him. Then he pointed to himself and gave us the name for rickshaw puller. He is a very lively teacher and it is a real pleasure to attend his classes. There are plenty of laughs to be had with him.

The other teachers are good too, but do not have Gia's pep. During the past week we were started on review work with private teachers. There are two teachers seated in small rooms, each with a desk and chair opposite him. The student takes the chair and sits opposite the teacher. Then the teacher starts some conversation, and the pupil must try to get the meaning. Or he will ask questions and the student must answer. If the student is brave enough he may start a little conversation or story of his own. His pronunciation is corrected by the teacher, and the word repeated till it sounds almost right. The Chinese speak with the forward part of their mouth much more than we do, and as a result there is considerable moisture passing forth when a very great effort is made to make the pronunciation clear to the student. This, as our teacher in phonetics, Mr. Marsh, told us, prevents Chinese from ever becoming a dry subject. I have several times felt the tiny droplets kiss me in the face, and at the risk of being somewhat impolite have taken a somewhat right-oblique or side position rather than a full front. I

would rather have his spit in my ear than on my nose and lips.

In phonetics the various sounds used in the Chinese language are taught us, and symbols given for each sound, so that we may be able to write the words as they actually sound. We haven't gotten far enough along to do this, but readily feel that when we do, it will be an exceedingly great help.

During recess we spend our time playing games. Volley ball is the favorite, teachers, men and women students all indulging in it with great zest. There are also tennis courts on the campus. These are popular too. Last year indoor baseball was all the rage, but the boys do not seem to care much for it this term.

Our language school building is a modern brick structure and steam heated. It is a very attractive place surrounded by a large lawn. This lawn or compound must be about one thousand by twelve hundred feet, and is enclosed with a stone wall about twelve feet high. A large iron gate gives entrance to this compound, and a gatekeeper is stationed there all the time. He has a little home right at the gate and within the walls. Directly back of the school and somewhat to the side of it is a girls' dormitory, a building which appears to be as large as the school itself. This is known as Meig's Hall. Beyond Meig's Hall two five or six-room cottages lie half buried back of the trees. These belong to the language school and are for the use of married students who prefer to live in a separate home.

Yvonne began to sneeze and cough within two days after getting here and she has kept it up since. At first we were alarmed about it because her breathing seemed somewhat heavy and the cough very tight. But she does not seem to be distressed by

it now. Her appetite is very good, she has no fever, sleeps well, retains her weight, and seems to enjoy life. Ollie also started out with a real cold, but got over it in about a week. I have one now that has been hanging on well over a week. The altitude is



OUR NANKING COTTAGE

On the Language School compound there are two small stone buildings. These buildings appear to be remodeled farm houses. They are maintained for the benefit of those students of the Language School who have families. During the months that we were in this cottage, we enjoyed our little home very much. We found it an exceedingly cozy place and it was a sort of rendezvous for our Christian Reformed Language School students as well as for some students of other denominations.

low here, and because of the water everywhere about us, the air is damp. Mrs. Griffing told us that newcomers might expect to have a perpetual cold the first two years. By the end of that time a sort of immunity is acquired—unless it has become so severe that the individual had to give up his residence here, as was the case with some who became tubercular.

The old-timers here all make mention of the cold winters. The temperature does not drop low, but the cold must be of a very penetrating character.

The Chinese dress for it by putting layer after layer of clothing on their bodies. These are not taken off in the homes, as their homes are not heated. The



ALL DRESSED UP

TWO CUTE LITTLE TYKES

Picture on the left side—Most of the Chinese youngsters are dressed in very ragged clothes, but the parents of this little fellow are somewhat more well-to-do and so he can wear the rich-looking clothing that you see him with in this picture. Note the haircomb. The head is shaven clean with the exception of a round patch about three inches in diameter on the back or top of the head. In this area the hair is allowed to grow as long as it pleases and is combed in a braid, which hangs down his back.

Picture on the right side—If you could come into personal contact with Chinese youngsters of this type, you surely would love them. In spite of the very simple food that they get—or perhaps because of it—they are usually fat, round-faced little fellows, and full of life. Note the clothing on the youngster to the right. This warm-looking coat is made of two layers of cloth with cotton stuffed between them. Both children and older people have many coats of this type, and as the weather gets colder they put on additional coats. It is not an infrequent thing on cold winter days to see these children run along the street looking almost like balls and with the arms sticking out to the side, as they have so much clothing on that they cannot put their hands down to the sides of the body. When a Chinese enters a home he does not take any of his clothing off, for as a rule his home is not heated and he needs just as many clothes indoors as outdoors.

clothing they wear is warm. Some of it is in the form of jackets made of two layers of cloth with a thick layer of cotton between them. These fit snugly around the body and are fastened on the sides, so that the front of the body is not exposed to wind coming in through open clothing, as is the case with foreign coats, which button in the front. When they speak of the temperature, they refer to the number of layers of clothing they are wearing. Thus, it may be "three layers cold"—or "twelve layers cold". It seems that the best way to avoid "colds" here is to dress warmly all the time, regardless of how much clothing it necessitates. Dr. Price is one of the oldest missionaries here, and he told the De Vries's, who are boarding with him, that in the winter he wears fourteen layers of clothing. I sure am glad I took some warm stuff along from America. When the colder weather comes I will have a very heavy red woolen sweater to put over two others, then a leather vest, blanket lined, and finally a fur overcoat. That ought to keep me pretty nearly warm. If it doesn't I shall have to try to get hold of some of the Chinese cotton clothing. We've got to keep warm. Some of the foreigners here make no hard attempt to keep their houses warm in the winter. They rely chiefly on fireplaces because of the high price of coal—\$24.00 a ton for hard coal. However, we intend to keep warm regardless of what the coal costs us.

The first Sunday that we were here I went with Dr. Macklin and Mr. Griffing toⁿ a Chinese tea house. Dr. Macklin is a man sixty-four years old and has been in missionary work over thirty years. He has lived through some very troublous times here. He is very well known by the Chinese and they seem to take very kindly to the old man. At one time, a few years ago, Dr. Macklin returned to America with the

purpose of retiring from missionary work, but he didn't like it in the United States after so many years in China and therefore came back to this country to spend his last days here. One of his favorite occupations now is to go to a Chinese tea house for several hours each Sunday morning and distribute



CHINESE CHRISTIAN CHILDREN

These cute little youngsters are children of Christians. As a rule the Chinese Christians dress their children neatly. You might think the youngster in the center is a boy because it wears trousers, but you would be wrong. It is a girl. Many girls wear trousers and boys wear skirts in China.

tracts which he has prepared. Het gets rid of some three hundred of these tracts each Sunday morning. The doctor is a gray-haired man, somewhat stooped, thin, with sharp, but very kindly eyes. He still is vigorous, as he showed by walking three miles with us with very little evidence of fatigue.

When I was introduced to this man I felt awed in his presence. Here I had come to China for missionary work—a young man—absolutely green to the work—and having no idea what the future has in store for me. Before me, in his rickshaw, sat this

gray-haired gentleman, a real veteran. He lived through the Boxer rebellion and was in Nanking repeatedly when it was burned and looted by the soldiers during the numerous wars and rebellions of the past thirty years. How I wished I might inherit some of his knowledge and wisdom!

When we reached the tea house, we found it to be a two-storied affair. There was a very wide front to it, which was open to the street. The first floor ceiling was very high,—I should say at least twenty feet. A space in the center of the room was open to the ceiling. A railing along the edge of this was a protection to the folks on the second floor, who could look over the railing to see what was going on below. On both floors were numerous small square tables, with four stools at each table. These stools had no back to them. Patrons were expected to pick out one of the tables and make themselves comfortable. Dr. Macklin decided to go to the second floor. This was reached by a long, narrow stairway. A table was chosen right at the head of this stairway, so that all people coming up to the second floor would have to pass our party.

I noted that the floor was not very clean, and soon appreciated why. The Chinese think it is a dumping ground. If they eat peanuts, they have no scruples about throwing the shucks on the floor. They freely spit on the floor. Any refuse may be thrown on the floor without compunction.

The poorest Chinese do not come to these tea houses. They are not rich enough to be able to squander about eight or ten coppers on the meal provided there. And the better class, who do frequent the place, are almost all able to read, and this is the type that Dr. Macklin had in mind to approach through his tracts.

Breakfast was ordered for us. I did not know what the order was for, but I trusted Dr. Macklin sufficiently to know that he would not have me served with anything that would mean rapid death. First we were given hot towels. These are used repeatedly by one patron after another. However, before it is passed from one man to another it is soaked in hot water and wrung out. With this we were supposed to wash the street dust off our hands and faces.

Next we were served with tea. This is done in small earless dishes. Boiling hot water is poured on the tea leaves in the bottoms of these dishes. No sugar or milk is used by the Chinese, of course. They would regard that absurd. As soon as the volume in the cup begins to dwindle down, more hot water is added by the energetic waiters, so that the patron always has hot tea on the table, although it becomes progressively weaker. I cannot describe the different dishes of food that we had. I managed to grasp a few pieces with my chopsticks and gingerly ate them, but they sure did not agree with me. Dr. Macklin seemed to like it fairly well, and Mr. Griffing ate the stuff as though he thought it was a delicious feast. Long strings of spaghetti formed part of the repast. To eat this in the prescribed Chinese way one must manage to steer one end of the wriggly spaghetti to his mouth via chop sticks, and then by means of suction induce the rest of the string to enter the oral cavity. It doesn't look so bad after you see enough others do it. Another delicacy, which I have later noted frequently served at other places, is a round thing, about the size of an apple, and coming to a point on top. This is a coating of dough—hot—around a mixture of meat and vegeta-

bles. It doesn't taste so awfully bad if you try not to think of what the filling is composed.

While we were eating or playing with this stuff, tracts were being handed out to the Chinese as fast as they came in. Almost every Chinese accepted his batch of five or six tracts gracefully, some with evident pleasure. The Chinese are always glad to read, and are usually grateful for reading matter of almost any sort. Dr. Macklin said it was much easier to get rid of tracts in China than in America. A few of the Chinese refused to take them and passed on with a look of disdain.

On this upper floor we also noticed some Chinese women walking around. These had very hard faces, and almost everyone smoked cigarettes. They inhaled freely and allowed the smoke to pass in clouds through their noses while they were speaking and laughing to each other and to the men. Dr. Macklin said they were prostitutes.

December 14th, 1926.

We have just moved into one of the language school cottages. This cottage is a very attractive place with sitting room and dining room combined, two bedrooms, kitchen, "bathroom," and storeroom. It is an exceedingly cozy place and reminds one strongly of a warm, cozy, little farmhouse. It is kept warm with a heater in the sitting room. We use soft coal and get rapid heat with it. Electric lights keep the place bright at night. We now have two servants—a cook and an amah—man and wife. Both are very efficient. The meals we get are just wonderful. As good as we have ever had in America. They ex-

pect to receive in American money \$4.50 (amah) and \$6.00 (cook) per month. They will also receive some other considerations which will help increase their pay. Even all this together is ridiculously small pay, although it is considerably more than similar



THE FAMILY OF A CHINESE SERVANT

Note again the haircomb of the little youngster. The head is completely shaved with the exception of a round patch on the top. The pigtail cannot be seen in this picture.

servants get from other missionaries and especially from their fellow Chinese. However, I have a hunch that some time in the future we shall be sorry we did not pay them more.

At present there is but little disturbance due to the civil war. Nanking apparently is not threatened, and we do not see much military activity here now. Some time ago it looked as though the city would be attacked, and there were many thousands of soldiers in town. Purple Mountain was also fortified, and there was a general feeling of fear in the city. The Southerners are gradually gaining. They are increasing the territory under their control, both in the

South and in the North. Last reports say that Chekiang Province will probably soon be under their control. General Feng, in the North, is becoming much more aggressive in his support of the South, and is making good progress there. It looks as



AN "AMAH"

An "amah" is a Chinese woman who takes care of children and does general work around the house. This picture was taken of our own "amah" with Yvonne. In many cases these women become very fond of the youngsters and take good care of them.

MOTHER AND CHILD OF THE BETTER CLASS

This is the wife and child of a Chinese teacher in one of our Christians schools. These men are fairly well paid and can afford to dress their families a little better than most Chinese do. Don't you think the youngster's cap is cute?

though it will not be long before the Southerners are in complete control. They appear to let the foreigners pretty much alone, although they encourage the formation of unions among the laboring classes and make some pretty heavy demands upon

the employers. Reports from provinces where they are in power show considerable general happiness and prosperity.

For the past four weeks I have been director of the Union Church choir. This takes up more time than I like to give to music, but there is much pleasure in it too, and we all like to do something besides studying the language.

About two weeks ago I was asked to lead chapel exercises in the University. It was a real treat to



SAGE CHAPEL

This beautiful structure is located on the campus of the Nanking Christian University. Here the 600 students of the University assemble for chapel exercises every school day. It is in this building also that the 500 foreigners of Nanking meet for their large gatherings and the place where they have their Sabbath services every Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. One of the missionaries in Nanking is in charge of these services, but almost every Sunday there is a different preacher, part of the time Nanking missionaries, but also frequently preachers who have come through Nanking while visiting China.

get up before those five hundred male students and speak to them. It would be wonderful to have the opportunity of addressing such groups of promising educated young men more frequently.

We have had the pleasure of having Chinese

teachers for lunch on two occasions. They seemed to be delighted with the invitation and with the food served them. Tomorrow noon we are hoping to have "Dai Sensen" with us. He is our short, ugly, bald-headed, lively, exceedingly humorous and big-hearted review teacher.

December 20th, 1926.

Yesterday was "White Christmas" in this community. In the morning Lamson, a classmate, and I went to the school of the Northern Methodists at the West Gate. Dr. James is pastor there, and Mr. Pryor principal. The chapel was decorated in rather crude fashion with greens. It was a very cold place. The day was damp, wet with rain, and cold. They had no heat in the building—a la Chinese fashion—and the doors were wide open. We kept on our overcoats and sweaters and so did not suffer much from the cold. We had been invited to sing at this meeting, but unfortunately there was no piano and the organ had a key which stuck and refused to be lifted. So we were just given our pitch and did the best we could with the song without accompaniment. I had also been asked to give the Christmas talk, which I gladly did in English, Dr. James translating it for me. He did this very glibly, and made me long for the time when I should be able to speak Chinese as fluently as that.

In the afternoon we had our "White Christmas" exercises in the Sage Chapel. The choir was seated in the balcony and sang about ten hymns from there at intervals in a reading by Dr. Smith, while youngsters were enacting the parts of David, Moses,

Isaiah, etc., on the platform. It was an impressive service.

During the last few days we have been doing some reviewing in language school, preparatory to our first exams. The students don't seem to worry much about their ability to get through.

No war news of importance.

January 2nd, 1927.

My, but it seems good to be back in our cottage again after that week in Jukao and Shanghai! We expected to return to a cold house last night, with no supper prepared, and no provisions in the house; but, lo and behold, our cook came out the front door when he saw us approaching, the house was spick and span, a warm fire was burning in the stove, and a fine chicken dinner had been prepared for us. It made our home-coming doubly sweet.

We started for Jukao on the 23rd of November. We had been told that the boats were running late and that we would have plenty of time if we got to the pier at 4:00 o'clock. But we wanted to be sure to be in time, so we got there by about 2:00 P. M. What was our surprise, however, to find that the boat had already left Nanking! It was docked at Pukow, on the opposite side of the broad Yangtze River. We tried to catch the ferry boat going across, but just missed it. There would be no other for an hour and a half. What to do? That boat might start from Pukow at any minute now, and if we missed it we would have to wait a whole day before getting another. We finally got a launch to take us across and reached the boat O. K.

We were hardly on deck, however, when we were

informed that we could not sail on that boat. All cabins were taken and no more first class passengers allowed. Foreigners may not travel with the lower classes on these boats. I went to the captain's office and talked with him about it. Our party was large—Mrs. Huizenga and three children, Mr. and Mrs. De Vries, Selles, Kamps, two De Korne children, Ollie, babe, amah, and myself—but the captain finally conceded to let us remain aboard. We found that practically all of the cabins were occupied by American sailors on the way home. When they heard we were on board they urged the women of our party to take their cabins, but the women preferred to rough it.

There was a great amount of freight to be taken aboard, and we had to wait about three hours before sailing. Coolies were abundant and active carrying the boxes and bales aboard. There were many youngsters around too. One of them made a hole in a gunny sack full of peanuts, and all the kids had a feast. They milked the bag and got capfuls and waistfuls and pocketfuls of peanuts out of it. Some of the coolies got their share too.

We had some fun with the boys, pitching coppers to them from the upper deck. These coppers are worth about one-sixth of an American cent, but the boys scrambled for them as though they were worth a quarter.

I talked with some of the sailors aboard. One of them, a fine, strong chap from Montana, complained about the lack of hospitality shown by Americans in China to the sailors. He said there were always some young men aboard the ships who did not care for drinking parties, but who would love to come to an American home and have a visit with his countrymen. The criticism is undoubtedly just. We have so many interests here with our fellow workers and

the Chinese, that we give no thought to the hundreds of American boys on the ships on the Yangtze, sent for our protection. Ollie and I are planning to have some of them at our home occasionally.

The steward on ship made some beds for the women in the dining room (saloon), and for us in the smoking room. None of us slept very much, but we at least rested for several hours. It was very cold and difficult to keep warm, even with fur coats and blankets. The only one in the party who had a very comfortable and long night was Yvonne. She is getting to be a hardened traveler, all right.

About eight o'clock the next morning we arrived at our port. This is known as Tungchow, although the real town of Tungchow is a mile or so inland. There is no dock at this point. A large flat barge is paddled into the stream by a half dozen coolies. When this barge is tied alongside the steamer, there is a wild scramble for the barge passengers to get on board, and for the steamer passengers to get into the barge. Time is also consumed transferring the freight and baggage. By the time we were all in the barge and the ropes could be loosened, we were a few hundred yards down the river, and the coolies had a tough time getting back. This was made worse by the strong wind blowing. There were no seats in the barge, and so most of us were standing. The captain of the barge didn't like that because the wind was against us, and we were acting too much like sails. So he ordered us to squat on the baggage. Even so, it seemed almost impossible to get to shore. Then De Korne and Huizenga, who had been sent to meet us, began to tell us of how on a previous occasion the wind had kept the barge in the river for an entire night, and this did not increase our peace of minds. Finally, however, we got

close enough to shore for the men to use their long bamboo poles and push the barge back up the river to its dock. We sure were glad to get off.

Next we were piled into three Fords and started off for Jukao. These machines were of a rather rickety type, but they still had lots of pep, and the Chinese chauffeurs made them go as fast as they could. In some places the ruts were six inches deep. One of the machines became stuck in the mud, and it was quite a job to push it out again. At times I thought the jerking and twisting through the ruts would tear a wheel off, but we all got through safely.

Jukao is about forty miles from Tungchow. The country along this route is beautiful. I have never been in Holland, but from descriptions of that country, I would judge that this part of China is almost identical with it. There was hardly a hill of any kind on this entire journey, just rich farm land, cut through by numerous canals. Some of these canals are real pieces of work—a hundred or more feet wide, and deep enough to accommodate vessels of considerable size. A great number of boats travel in these canals, almost every one of them being pulled by men, women, and children. The tow rope is attached to the top of a pole on the canalboat. Most of the boats are pulled by three persons. To make the work easier they have a strip of wood, about four inches wide, diagonally across the chest. To each end of this a rope is attached, one over the left shoulder, and the other under the right arm. These ropes are attached to the main rope a few feet in back of the individual.

As it was winter, we could not tell what produce was raised on the farms, but we did see some fields of cotton, and were told that this is raised in large quantities in this community.

The farmers appeared to be fairly prosperous individuals. Their sturdy bodies and round faces showed that they got plenty to eat, and they were clothed well too. The soil of their fields is excellent, a rich clay, and the care they take of these fields I am sure is as good as that of farmers in any part of the world. You may rest assured that when churches are established in this part of the country they will need no subsidy from America. A large number of the farmers wear pigtails. This is probably because they were not compelled to take them off after the successful revolution twenty years ago. At that time in the cities, soldiers on the streets grabbed every pigtail coming along and cut them off, but many of the farmers escaped. It is surprising too how well a long pigtail of shiny, thick black hair can look on a man. I liked the expression on the faces of many of these farmers too. They were not hard-boiled, sophisticated people, like so many of the city folks; but good-hearted, honest country people—the kind of people you long to have as your friends the moment you see them.

We met perhaps a dozen autos on this road. I don't recall having seen a single horse. Most of the travel is done by canal boat and by wheel barrow. The wheel on these wheel barrows is about two and a half feet in diameter. On both sides of it is a seat. This consists of three or four strips of wood about five feet long. The seats are a foot wide. One is for the passenger, and the other is for his baggage. It is a slow way of traveling, and I am sure I would rather walk. Our chauffeur was much like an American youngster. He had a loud, screeching horn on his car, and loved to get close behind one of these men pushing a barrow, and then let out an unearthly noise with his horn. One fellow was so frightened

that he dumped his well-dressed passenger into the road, and jumped to the side to save his own neck. We didn't like it very much, as we feared they would hold us foreigners responsible.

Upon reaching Jukao, some coolies took our luggage and we walked to the De Korne home. The



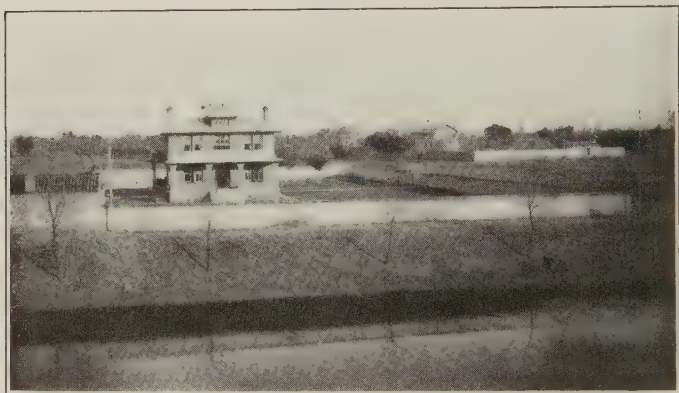
A MISSIONARY HOME

Our American Board of Heathen Missions has been allowing its China missionaries \$1,500 each to build themselves a home in that country. The above picture shows the home which Rev. Albert H. Smit was able to build for himself for that sum of money. The home is built of gray brick. It is a very good-looking home from the outside and the arrangement of rooms inside is attractive and comfortable. The woodwork inside is not as fine as we Americans like to see. This is partly due to the high cost of good lumber and also to the inability of Chinese carpenters to do fine work. Plumbing and wiring must be done by the missionaries themselves, as the mechanics located away from the port cities are unfamiliar with installations of that type.

There are some people who would begrudge missionaries a home as good-looking as this, but let us remember that the missionary's home is about the only luxury he has. He misses the daily contact with friends and relatives that folks enjoy in the home country. He has no socials or entertainments that he can go to. The roads are so poor and so few that he cannot enjoy the pleasures of an automobile. His work usually calls him to homes and streets which are extremely filthy and smell abominably compared with the surroundings the missionary has been used to in America. It is therefore a wonderful thing for him if, when he is thru with his daily work, he can come to a large, cool, comfortable, clean home such as you see pictured above.

homes of De Korne, Smit, and the two Dykstras are located on attractive plots of ground within a

quarter of a mile from the city wall, and separated from this wall by a good sized canal. Each home is on approximately a half acre of land. This land, or compound, is surrounded by an eight-foot wall. At the entrances to the compounds small attractive rooms have been built against the wall for the servants, of which each missionary has three. The



MISSIONARY HOMES VIEWED FROM THE WALL OF JUKAO

The house in the foreground is that of Rev. A. H. Smit. The center house of Rev. J. C. De Korne, and that to the right is Rev. H. A. Dykstra's home. Each home is located on approximately a half acre of ground. This is surrounded by an eight-foot wall which is necessary to keep those people out who would desire to steal the missionary's property. Such a wall is quite in accordance with usual Chinese custom, as all well-to-do Chinese have their homes surrounded with a huge wall. The area within the wall is known as the compound, and in it trees are usually planted and a vegetable garden is maintained by the missionary. These homes are not located within the city of Jukao itself, but just a little way out into the country. The water that you see is that of the canal which separates the city of Jukao from the surrounding country.

brick homes of the missionaries themselves look pretentious compared with Chinese homes, although they are no larger than parsonages now being built in America, and the finish inside of them is not nearly so good as that in modern American homes. Owing to the cheapness of labor in China such a

home can be built for less than \$5,000. However, the missionary whose home is being built suffers another \$5,000 worth of grief during the building, as he must constantly watch the workmen to keep them from using inferior materials or making a mess of their job. The Chinese have a favorite expression which means "just about" or "approximately," and



SAWING WOOD IN CHINA

The life of a carpenter in China is quite different from that in America. In our own country the carpenter has to do very little sawing these days, as the timber and boards are prepared in the sawmills in such a manner that about all the carpenter has to do is to nail them together. In China the carpenter gets his wood in round logs, and before he can start to build he must saw these logs by hand into boards. We wonder why they don't get a saw machine and rip through these logs with great rapidity, but human labor in that poverty-stricken country is far cheaper than machinery.

that must be the watchword of the carpenters' union, judging from the way they do their work. The plumbing has to be put in by the missionaries themselves, which makes me glad I don't have to build a house here.

The De Korne family made us feel at home immediately, and we had a wonderful visit with them during our stay in Jukao. Rev. and Mrs. Kamps were

the guests of Rev. S. Dykstra, the Selleses went to Smit's home, and the De Vrieses and Miss Bode to stay with Dr. Huizenga's family within the city wall.

In the evening of our arrival we attended one of the Christmas meetings Dr. Huizenga was conducting for lepers in his hospital. Of course, I was greatly interested in seeing this hospital. It is a U-shaped structure, with the entrance at the opening of the U. Two dispensary rooms are located at the entrance, the one on the right for men, with Dr. Chien, the Chinese doctor, in charge, the one on the left for women, with Dr. Huizenga in charge. Entering farther, we noted wards and rooms for patients—for men on the right and for women on the left. None of these rooms was heated. That would seem tough in America, but is quite in accordance with Chinese custom. There was also a small drug room, a laboratory, a chapel, an office, and a well equipped and clean operating room. All of this is in a remodeled Chinese building, and on the ground floor. There is no second story. The associates of Dr. Huizenga appear to be very intelligent Chinese and well able to do their work.

The following day was Christmas. In the morning we went to Rev. De Korne's chapel, in the heart of the city. De Korne's evangelist had the chapel beautifully decorated. An eager crowd of old and young were present, some of them from country places. Everything, excepting a song by the Nanking guests, was given in the Chinese language. It seemed strangely good to see the little Chinese youngsters get on the platform and sing and recite their Christmas pieces. It was a union meeting, and our four native evangelists were present. They impressed me as being sincere and intelligent men, well fitted for their work. Rev. De Korne preached

the sermon. It was well listened too, and well it might be. I have heard De Korne speak and preach in America several times, but never as he did this Christmas morning in his Jukao chapel. The love of his big heart for this people shone on his face, and his dark eyes sparkled as he told the people in their own language about the love of Christ for them. He was remarkably fluent. I dare say he can speak Chinese better than Dutch, and this is no reflection on his Dutch either. Some Chinese prefer De Korne to a preacher of their own race, and regard it a treat when he conducts the service.

Christmas evening another program was given in the chapel. This time admittance was by ticket only, as the chapel was too small to accommodate all the people who wanted to enter. The program was rendered peaceably, and each person present given a red sock full of goodies. While this was in progress we could hear an increasing disturbance on the street in front of the chapel. Some anti-foreign agitators among the high school and normal school students in town had excited the students to make a demonstration. Efforts on the part of our missionaries and the evangelists to quiet them were of no avail. It looked as though they would storm the place and tear everything to pieces. There must have been two hundred of them jamming the street in front of the chapel. They were crying out, "Down with the foreigners!" "Foreigners are murderers! They are imperialists! Let us drive them out of the city!" The crowd became larger and more violent. They tore down some of the decorations in front of the building. The missionaries managed to send a messenger to the town magistrate, but magistrates and police appear to be powerless in China when the students break loose. While I was watching that

surging mob I thought of what a wonderful time our American police would have in breaking up that disturbance. They'd pick up the lads by the armfuls and jam them so tight into the patrol wagons they wouldn't know whether they were riding forward or backward. Some of the boys managed to get hold of some turnips and threw these at the missionaries. Kamps was the first martyr. He was struck twice. Nick De Vries was also struck in the head by a turnip.

At first both foreigners and Chinese thought it wise not to leave the building. They did not wish to remain there indefinitely, however, and finally left in groups to go to their homes.

De Korne and I were a bit worried about the women. They were not with us, and we supposed they had gone to the hospital to attend a meeting there. As this was in an opposite direction from our home, one of us had to go there to see about them before attempting to go home ourselves. De Korne had his hands full in his own chapel, so I offered to go. I looked over the mass of hot-headed students and hesitated for a moment. It was my first experience with a Chinese mob, and I didn't know just how seriously to regard the uprising. De Korne noticed it and said, "For the Lord and His Word, Richard!" That was enough, and I buttoned up my coat and waded into the crowd. To my surprise they offered no resistance whatever, but let me walk right through. Most of the Chinese are rather small, and it may be they had a bit of awe for my two hundred and five pounds, or otherwise we took their racket too seriously. There was no disturbance at the hospital, and we learned that the women had not been there. Evidently they had remained at home.

Back to the chapel again. The crowd had disappeared. They had gone to a nearby hall for a second mass meeting, thus permitting the remaining attendants at our Christmas exercises to go home unmolested. In the chapel were only De Korne, four native evangelists, and the doorkeeper. Some of the students returned and were clamoring before and pounding upon the closed doors. De Korne suggested we spend some time in prayer, and it was touching to hear him and the evangelists pray earnestly for the boys who were showing so much bitterness outside. May it not be that the Lord sends these trials to test and strengthen the faith and love of His children in China?

When prayers had been ended we decided to go home. There were very few remaining in front of the chapel, and we were not at all disturbed in going home.

The following day was Sunday. We received warning through a Chinese teacher that another mass meeting of students was scheduled for that morning, and were advised to be on our guard. It was decided that the women should remain at home, but that the men should go to town as usual and throw the chapel doors open for all who wished to come in and worship with us. To our surprise and delight, however, the students did not appear and there was no disturbance whatever.

On Sunday evening we had a service together in Rev. Sam Dykstra's home. All the foreign missionaries were there. Rev. Kamps led the service and preached a fine sermon. We sang Dutch psalms. How we do love those marvelously beautiful Dutch psalms! It seems to me that when they are sung in this faraway country they mean so much more than

when sung in our Christian surroundings at home.
With full hearts we could sing,

“Geloofd zij God met diepst ontzag,
Hij overlaadt ons dag aan dag,
Met Zijne gunstbewijzen.”

And again, in spite of the strong anti-foreign demonstration of the night before,

“Al de heid’nen, door Uw handen,
Voortgebracht uit alle landen,
Zullen tot U komen, Heer,
Bukken voor Uw aanschijn neer,
En Uw naam ter eere leven.
Gij zijt groot en hoog verheven,
Gij doet duizend wonderheen,
Gij zijt God, ja Gij alleen.”

Not by any means all the Chinese, or even students, are bitter against the foreign missionary. On the contrary, we were shown great kindness by many of them. We were invited to a Chinese feast, but unfortunately could not accept this invitation. The Chinese students love to come to the homes of the missionaries and talk and sing with them. They come so often that at times they interfere seriously with the other work of the missionary. On Christmas morning over thirty of them at one time came to see Rev. De Korne. Their motive is probably largely curiosity and a desire to practice English with the missionary, but an excellent opportunity is furnished thereby to present our Christ to them, and our missionaries make abundant use of it.

One day was spent in seeing the sight in Jukao. It is almost unbelievable to the folks at home, I am sure, when I say that the main street is so narrow

that by stretching out my arms I can almost touch stores on both sides of the street at the same time. They have many signs hanging overhead, and I am



YOUNG MEN OF JUKAO

Before the present civil war, Jukao was a very prosperous business community. This picture represents two of the younger business men. They were very cordial to us in the conversation we had with them. Upon the Christian Reformed Church of America rests the responsibility of bringing the Gospel to these young men and approximately 1,500,000 of their countrymen.

THE HOPE OF CHINA

This young man is one of the Chinese students of Nanking Christian High School. One of his teachers told me that he is a young man of excellent character and splendid scholarship, and after seeing him running and jumping at field day exercises on the school compound, I was also convinced that he is a splendid athlete. It is such young men as these who must be the strong leaders of China in the future,—young men who are physically strong, intelligent, well-trained along scientific lines, of good moral character and thoroughly Christian.

sure that when we locate in Jukao next year, I'll become hunchbacked ducking for those signs. As it

was, my new Stetson received a number of rude jolts.

The pavement is of cobble stones, built so that the water runs away from the center of the street to gutters on each side. There are, of course, no sidewalks. A single automobile could not make its way along this street, and even rickshaws have a hard time of it, so that these vehicles are rare in Jukao. There is always lots of filth along these narrow streets, but even so, compared with other Chinese towns that I have been in, Jukao is clean.

While walking along the streets we heard a peculiar musical sound coming from somewhere in the air. We were told that this was made by pigeons. The Chinese here have pigeon cotes, just as the boys in America do. They tie a whistle to the tail of each pigeon, and when a hundred or more pigeons are flying overhead, each with a whistle attached to his tail, the combined sound of it all can be heard a half mile away. There is a strange crescendo and diminuendo, probably caused by the varying rate of speed in flying, and the total effect of it is really pleasing to the ear. The whistles appear to give the pigeons no discomfort, and do not interfere at all with their flight.

In the canals a number of men were fishing with cormorants. The boat used is the size of a small rowboat, and about six big black cormorants are perched on each side of the boat. These cormorants are fine fishers, and dive into the water, grasping the fish with their beaks. They attempt to swallow them for food, but are prevented from doing this by rings, which the fishermen put around the cormorant's neck, so that the esophagus cannot distend sufficiently to let the big fish pass through. So the fish goes

down only part way and the fisherman can easily pull it out of the cormorant's throat.

We also walked over the entire city wall. This was not at all a big feat, as it probably is not more than two miles in length. The wall is very much smaller than that of Nanking. It is perhaps twenty



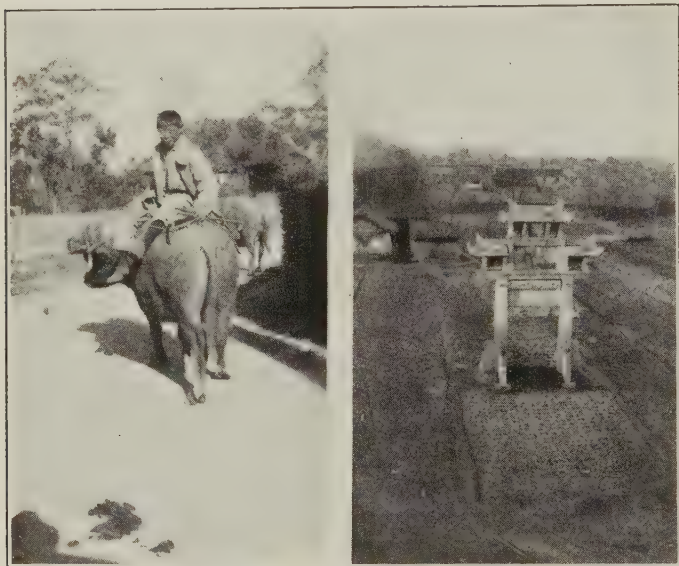
THE JUKAO WALL

This wall is not nearly so large as the Nanking wall. It is not more than two miles in length. The wall averages about fifteen feet in width at the top, and is approximately twenty-five feet high. The men seen walking on the wall are our missionaries. From left to right they are: Revs. J. Kamps, A. H. Selles, S. A. Dykstra and A. H. Smit. Dykstra and Smit are walking with canes not because they are crippled, but because dogs are so numerous and vicious in these Chinese towns that one needs a good stout stick to walk along in peace.

feet high and fifteen feet wide. A beautiful view of the city and its suburbs can be obtained from the wall. There surely are a large number of people in this community, and an opportunity is afforded our church to do an excellent piece of work here.

On this trip we noticed several beautiful stone arches. They looked like fine entrances to a build-

ing, but without a building. Rev. Smit informed me that these were widows' arches. They are built in honor of widows who vow that they will not marry again.



BUFFALO BILL IN CHINA

The boys don't have many horses to ride on in China, but they do have water buffalo. These water buffalo are much like the oxen that were formerly used in America. They are very heavy, clumsy slow-moving animals, and are used particularly for cultivating the rice fields. They do not object to having the boys ride on their backs.

A WIDOW'S ARCH

The Chinese think it is an admirable thing when a woman, whose husband has died, vows that she will never marry again. Occasionally, in honor of such a woman, a beautiful stone arch is erected. These arches may be seen abundantly in China, and are known as 'Widows' Arches'. The one pictured above is located in Jukao.

Dr. Huizenga's home is within the city walls. It is a beautiful home, built somewhat along Chinese lines. An unusually high wall with three successive gates separate him from the outside world. At the

gate is a room used for receiving callers on business matters. The home itself is a one-story building with an attic into which a small room has been built. The roof resembles the roof of a temple with its widely overhanging eaves and turned-up corners. The woodwork in the home is of a much higher quality than that in any of the other homes. The sitting room is a huge affair. It is about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide. There is also a dining room, kitchen, study, three bedrooms, and bath. The room upstairs can also be used as a bedroom. There is a large space for storage in the attic.

On Monday, the 27th, a mission meeting was held, and we were invited to be present with advisory vote. It was our first mission meeting in Jukao, and we had a wonderful time together. The main topic of discussion was the desirability of starting work at another station—then, which station, and which men to go there. The former decision to open work on the Yangtze, opposite the Southern Presbyterians, was rescinded, as recent information showed that the place was not big enough to warrant placing a staff of foreign missionaries there. The new station, if any, will probably be about forty miles east of Jukao. It is the same distance as Jukao from Tungchow, and easily reached by auto from the latter place.

The missionaries have a beautiful habit of spending a few minutes in worship with their servants each morning before breakfast. It happened in De Korne's home that the guest room was directly above the room in which he held these meetings with the servants, and often in the morning, before we had decided that it was time to get out of bed, we could hear De Korne's resonant bass voice with those of

his servants singing God's praises in the Chinese language.

Miss Kalsbeek is doing very fine work in Jukao. She is a young woman of rugged physique, keen intellect, and lovable disposition. The Chinese women adore her. I am afraid there are not many of our



JUKAO LADS

These are three schoolboys that we met while taking a walk on the Jukao wall. They are the type of youngsters to whom the Christian Reformed Church is expected to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

American women that would live as she does, alone in a home in the midst of Chinese, without heat excepting on the coldest days. The Christian Reformed Church may indeed be grateful that it has a woman of her type for this important work.

On Wednesday, the 29th, we decided to start for home again. We did not know what time the boat would leave Tungchow. It would probably be somewhere between midnight and noon of the following day. We started on the afternoon of the 29th, so that we would have plenty of time. Farewells were bid to the Jukao veterans, and the thanks we offered

them for their hospitality were felt more strongly in heart than could be expressed in words. They surely did all they could to give us a royal good time, and a very instructive one too.

That night was spent in a Chinese inn. Two rooms were assigned to our party. We had to sleep on boards, which was not so comfortable, but we were tired enough to sleep well.

Rev. Smit had been appointed a committee of one to see us safely on the boat. He had taken along blankets galore to keep us warm—also an oil stove, as the Chinese do not heat their buildings—and best of all, a big bowl of steaming “soepenbrei met krenten.” Boy, but that tasted good! There were also many other things to eat that the Jukao friends had provided for us, and we had a regular feast in the Chinese inn.

The next morning we stood on the banks of the Yantze waiting for our boat. What a royal river the Yangtze is! We could hardly see the opposite shore on this clear morning. It is almost like an inland sea. At about eight o'clock the ship was seen steaming down the river. We piled into the barge with our belongings and managed to get alongside the steamer. In the afternoon of the same day we arrived in Shanghai. This city appealed to us much more than it did last summer, when it was so dreadfully hot. Among other things, we were again greatly amused to see the rubber-tired street cars, running without rails. Each car has two trolley poles, opposite each other, with about a foot space between them. The cars must be steered, and can move from side to side perhaps six feet. One would think the trolley pole would slip off the wire, but I have never seen this occur in Shanghai.

Yesterday, New Year's day, we started by train

for Nanking. This is quite a bit cheaper than traveling by boat. There are several trains making the trip each day to Nanking, and the trip is a pleasant one. There are four classes of cars, and the fare on each is just half that of the preceding class. Traveling fourth class is like traveling in a box car. We traveled second and had comfortable seats facing each other, with a little table between us. All classes of cars are dirty, as the Chinese throw anything they wish on the floor. Spitting is a national pastime here, and the floors of their trains as well as restaurants are like cuspidors. Smoking is permitted everywhere on the train.

It took us about eight hours to reach Nanking. The train was pretty well on time all the way. Every bit of the country en route appears to be under cultivation. China is indeed an exceedingly productive country, and it is no wonder that Japan and European nations have gazed upon it so long with covetous eyes.

January 23rd, 1927.

These are rather hectic days to be living in. During the past few months the foreigners in Hankow, particularly the British, have suffered much bitterness from the hands of the Chinese. This was greatly accentuated by the capture of the city by the Nationalists—or Southern Army—or Reds.

These southerners are undoubtedly the most truly patriotic party in China, although misguided in some things. Certainly the spirit of the people in general in China is strongly in their favor. Even here in Nanking, under command of the northern General Sun, there is an unmistakable strong senti-

ment in favor of the southerners. They feel that the war lords are in the game for their own selfish ends and not for the good of the country.

The temperament of the Chinese and especially that of the students, is very labile these days. One of their own race told us in school a few days ago that the students are more emotional than women, and that holds true of others than students also. There is an intense feeling of patriotism present, and a Chinese agitator striking the chord of patriotism in his address can whip a group of his people into a state of frenzy with very little difficulty. They feel very keenly the injustice of the concessions and extra-territoriality. Above all else the continuance of these two things means "losing of face" to them, and that to the Chinese is the most abhorrent thing that can occur to them. Up to the present the Chinese have felt rather helpless about this undesirable state of affairs, but recently the southerners have shown a great deal more gumption. They regard Britain as their enemy par excellence and have made life pretty miserable for them in Canton and Hongkong with their strikes and boycotts.

A far more serious event occurred when the southerners seized the British concession at Hankow. Hankow is a thriving importing and exporting center, and may be regarded as the Chicago of China. It is at the head of navigation on the Yangtze for large ships and is a railroad terminal for the North and South. I guess we will never learn the exact course of events leading to the taking of the concession from the British, as Chinese and British stories vary greatly. The outcome of it all was that the British marines and sailors were forced to their ships and that the foreigners living there were happy to escape with just the clothes on their backs. Many

of them had to suffer great indignities. One German was seized by coolies and stabbed about thirty times. He was taken to a hospital more nearly dead than alive.

Shanghai is greatly upset about the turn of events. There must be a billion dollars' worth of property and goods of foreigners in that city, and perhaps forty thousand foreigners. They know that the sentiment in Shanghai is strongly for the South, and can readily picture to their minds all kinds of possibilities when the million of Chinese in Shanghai become inflamed with patriotic passion and attack the foreigners. The Hankow incident may be child's play compared to what would happen in Shanghai.

The hatred of the Chinese is particularly directed against the British, and it is decidedly unsafe for Britishers to appear on the streets where southerners are in possession of the towns. Other foreigners enjoy some respite, and in order to let the Chinese know they are not British, they wear armbands with the name of their country printed in large characters on them. This insures a certain amount of immunity, although even they experience much hostility from the Chinese.

The Chinese feel they are superior after the withdrawal of the British from Hankow, and later from Kiukiang, and therefore are making all kinds of gross demands upon the lowly foreigners. For instance, an American recently wanted to get on a river boat at Hankow. He had two handbags with him and wanted to carry those aboard himself. However, he was surrounded with violent coolies who would not let him do so. It was a case of having his baggage confiscated or letting them carry it for him. He acceded. After the coolies had carried

his bags a hundred yards they wanted \$60.00 for their services. This was, of course, outrageous, and was vigorously protested. However, the men refused to give up the bags. After much haggling they finally agreed to accept \$6.00. A liberal amount under ordinary circumstances would have been 20 cents.

Most of the women and children of foreigners, including missionaries, have been ordered by their consuls to go to the river ports, from which they can easily be transported to a place of safety, and they are doing so. Many of the men are being compelled to leave too. Shanghai is overcrowded with this influx of foreigners. The women and children of our Jukao mission force have also been instructed to leave. We do not know where they will go to. We have invited them to come to Nanking and live with us.

The feeling is rather tense in Nanking. We realize that while it is very quiet here now, no one can tell when there will be a violent anti-foreign outburst in this city. Dr. Macklin and some other real old-timers here look for worse troubles than were experienced during the Boxer rebellion. Many of the missionaries have their goods packed ready for withdrawal on short notice. Others have lists of their chief valuables, so that if instructed to leave within an hour and permitted to take only hand luggage, they can get at these valuables without fluster and without forgetting anything real important. Ollie has all the things that she values greatly in one trunk, so that we can readily put them in one grip or cory, and be off. We would hate to lose the other things that we have in our trunks, but if we have to leave quickly there is no chance in the world of tak-

ing trunks along, and we must be glad if permitted to carry a couple of bags.

A meeting of missionaries, business men, and consuls was held a few days ago in Nanking. It was decided then that preparations should be made so as to facilitate quick removal if necessary. The consensus of opinion was that Nanking is about the safest place in China to be in now. One of the reasons for this is that Nanking has no foreign concession, and so this point of irritation is obviated. Another is that the sentiment of the Chinese toward foreigners in this city is historically good. There is a very large percentage of missionaries in this town, and in days past, particularly during warfare, they have shown the city some excellent service, saving the inhabitants much grief from robbery and death. This has not been forgotten. It is common knowledge to the Chinese. Moreover, one or more warships will be kept in the harbor constantly, and we are also within twenty-four hours' reach of the Shanghai vessels.

Still, there is danger. The greatest source of danger is that the marines or others will fire upon the Chinese in Shanghai. The situation there is tense in many respects, and the bitterness against foreigners is extreme. If the Chinese should start a real riot the foreigners might feel compelled to let loose with rifles and machine guns. If they do, it will be "good night" for the foreigners in other parts of China. They will go wild for revenge for the killing of their fellow citizens, and it will be up to the foreigners, regardless of nationality, to get out as quickly as possible.

There are about five hundred foreigners in Nanking. The real danger for them in getting out would be in Shaw Gwan—a very populous part of the city,

outside of the city wall—between the main north gate and the wharves where we must get into the vessels. The populace here consists chiefly of coolies, and they are the hardest set of men we have in the city. They would stop at nothing if ever they got started. So a plan has been made by which we can avoid going through their section of the town. Our city is surrounded by a very strong wall, at some places over sixty feet in height. This is surrounded by a deep canal or moat. At one place this is fairly close to the Yangtze River. A rope ladder will be in readiness, so that we can go to this place on the wall and be let over the wall with ropes into boats in the moat, and then be taken to the vessels in the river.

It will then be a question of "Where do we go from here?" The present plan is to take us to Manila, Philippine Islands. However, if it looks as though the trouble will be of long duration it may be advisable for some or all to go back to the home countries. Many missionaries right now are in Japan and the Philippines waiting for things to subside here.

In our own hearts, and that is true of the language school students in general, there is little apprehension. We sort of feel that everything is going to turn out all right and that there is nothing to worry about. We feel that the critical time will be the capture of Shanghai by the southern reds. What will happen then? If they let the foreigners in peace there, all will be well for the foreigners everywhere in the country. If they start rioting, destroying and murdering, as in Hankow, and our troops are forced to fire, it will behoove us to leave Nanking and all other points in China with great expediency.

The present governor of Nanking is ruling things here with an iron hand. He will stand for no upris-

ing of any kind. Punishments by death are frequent here. Only two or three days ago seven men and one woman were taken to a public place in Shaw Gwan, and in full view of thousands were each in turn shot through the head by one executor. The woman was charged with kidnapping, a common offense in China, and the men with thievery. As an older missionary remarked to me yesterday, the ruler of this town is so strict with his own people that he would have a man executed for blowing his nose on the wrong side of his face—a matter of significance here where they use no handkerchiefs.

There is optimism present regarding the religious situation in China. Some of the native Christians have had to suffer much from the hands of the Reds. For instance, they have had them paraded in shame through the streets of the town with big signs hung on them, "Slaves of the foreigners." Two days ago the missionaries of Nanking had a day of fasting and prayer in behalf of these native Christians. And we rejoice that so many of them remain firm in spite of trials.

What if all foreign missionaries were compelled to leave China? This question was put to a missionary whose work brings him in constant touch with missionary endeavor throughout this country. He said he believed that Christianity was now so firmly established in China that it would carry on without us. As Christians, moreover, we have the firm conviction of heart that, mysterious as the way may seem, God is working out His eternal plan, also at present in China, and the end of it all will be a glorious victory for the Kingdom of God. His promises stand eternal, and there is no doubt whatever in our minds but that they will be fulfilled.

It is a matter of note that not all the southerners

are anti-Christian. For instance, last Christmas day the foreigners in Dr. Perkins' home in Kiukiang heard some folks singing Christmas carols at 11:30 in the evening. Upon inquiry they found twelve southern soldiers—so-called "Reds"—all of them Christians, paying Dr. Perkins a visit, and announcing their arrival by singing Christmas carols.

Another recent report is that concerning a speech delivered by Mrs. Sun Yat Sen, wife of the former great hero of the Chinese revolution, and herself proposed as the president of China. This speech was heard by some missionaries, and they say she made the statement that the high ideals which she has for her people and her nation were derived from the Christian religion.

January 29th, 1927.

The Jukao folks have not arrived. In response to my invitation to have them stay with us in Nanking, De Korne wrote that he had received no consular instructions to leave, and that in view of the fact that at present everything is so quiet in Jukao, he thought it best to remain there. Upon inquiry from Dr. Mills, who gave me the original information regarding the consular order, he advised me to write to Dr. Richardson, representing the Southern Presbyterian Church in Nanking, who was expected to send instructions to move to his own missionaries as well as ours. He replied as follows:

"I wrote to Dr. Huizenga and also to the stations in our mission a few days ago arranging with each of them a telegram which would be sent in case the consul should think it necessary for them to leave their stations.

"At the first conference which Mr. Davis had with us he thought it would be wise for members of some of our stations to come out now. I did not mail this letter, however, until after I had seen and talked with him again. In the second conference he thought that the situation was somewhat easier, and asked me to write as indicated above. So far, therefore, your people have not been advised to leave their station, but simply asked to be in readiness to leave in case they should receive a telegram.

(Signed) D. W. RICHARDSON.

There has been no disturbance in Nanking during the past week. There is no evidence of ill will on the part of the people against us. Newspaper reports state that Britain is sending large numbers of troops to China (16,000), and also a fleet of considerable size. America and Japan have no desire to dispatch troops here as yet. America has no concessions to defend, and the Chinese have been careful to treat the Japs well. Eugene Chen, foreign minister for the Cantonese, sent a remarkable document into the world during this week. It was written in very excellent English, ability for which he is given great credit by scholars in the Orient. He is reputed to be one of the finest masters of English east of the Suez canal. In this document he tells the nations of the world in no uncertain tones that China is through with servieney to other nations. That she knows of her great power and insists upon being treated entirely as an equal by all other nations. He feels that China is not obligated to fulfil the treaties regarding concessions, extra-territoriality, etc., because they are unfair and were forced upon China. He also states he is not afraid of Britain's military power. While he admits his own is no

match for it, he maintains that China has an economic weapon with which he can defeat Britain. In today's paper there are two astonishing reports. The first is that Britain has decided to relinquish her territorial concessions in China. The other is that Russia is massing large numbers of troops on its Chinese border. If the first report is true it will ease the situation a great deal, as this is one of the chief things the southerners are contending for. It will also be a great feather in Chen's cap, and make the Chinese feel their strength more than ever. I really would like to see it, as I have considerable confidence in the South. They are by all odds the most patriotic party in China today—in sharp contrast with the northern war lords. They have gone to some gross excesses, but no greater, I think, than might be expected in view of the great territory they have suddenly acquired, and the difficulty to rule it thoroughly so quickly. They surely have the sympathy of the Chinese in general. There is an unmistakable sympathy for them in this part of the country, which is under northern leadership, and the same is reported from Shanghai and the North.

We are all more or less "jumpy" these days. One of the language school students is having his trunks sent to Shanghai—keeping only necessary clothing here. He figures that in the event we are suddenly called upon to leave we certainly will not be able to take our trunks with us—which is true. He expects to teach in Shanghai next fall, and the folks at the school will gladly care for his things until then. Last night there seemed to be an unusual racket outdoors, with dozens of dogs barking violently. I went out to see what might be the trouble, but we are living too far from the main road for me to note what was going on there. Apparently it was

nothing serious—just an unusual number of people on the road.

The pre-medical students of the University of Nanking organized a club recently and asked me to be one of their advisers. This I gladly consented to do and have attended their meetings to date. Last week I talked to them on "Diphtheria." There are eleven or twelve men in this organization, and they are a very fine lot. In spite of their western scientific training they still think very highly of many Chinese remedies, and it may be that we have been thinking too lightly of these. One student referred to a remedy for diphtheria. This is kept secret by a Peking firm, but is so valuable that immense quantities are sold to physicians in China and Japan each year. It is customary for Chinese physicians to keep their remedies secret, and to hand them down to following generations. One of the students was telling us about a wonderful treatment for hemorrhoids, possessed by a Chinese doctor in Nanking. He said this doctor is very dirty in his personal appearance and office, but that his work is so effective that great many folks come to him, including many river pilots who suffer from hemorrhoids. The doctor claims that these are due to tubes which form in the rectum and which must be removed. He injects some medicine into this area, and upon a second visit is able to remove these tubes intact. The story sounded weird, but the student offered to show the tubes. This he did at a following meeting, and I was surprised to see a regular venous tree. There were many fine branches, almost down to capillaries. The student did not know what his drug contained, but said some of it was arsenic. This immediately suggested a phenomenon seen what happens when arsphenamine in syphilis is accidentally injected around the vein

instead of directly into it. Upon a subsequent visit the vein is found to be almost as hard as a pipestem. This is probably the principle that this Chinese doctor empirically discovered. He injects his arsenic around the swollen veins, they harden, and at a next visit he is able to take them out, branches and all. It would seem, however, that there is great danger from infection, and also that a secondary hemorrhage might readily occur. We were also told of a trick that the dentists have of injecting some material in the gums around a sore tooth. This makes the gums shrink away from the tooth within about four hours, and then the tooth can be pulled with ease. This material is probably some coagulant which kills the tissue and causes it to break down around the tooth. I shall try to obtain opportunity to visit such a dentist's office and watch him work.

I have been asked to visit the theological seminary dispensary two afternoons a week and take care of any theological students or professors' families who may be in need of medical attention. This is a worthwhile opportunity, as it will help me keep in touch with medicine. I have several cases of trachoma there; also two chronic leg ulcers. This week there was also a severe peritonsillar abscess.

The Chinese are having their mid-year new year recess, so for a few weeks we are having no sessions in the Y. M. C. A. Middle School. We ourselves have only Monday to go to school next week. That will give us a fine opportunity to observe how the Chinese celebrate their New Year. They take it seriously enough. The celebration lasts five days. During these days practically every store is closed, and the Chinese have days of feasting and gladness. In connection with this celebration they have one custom which might well be followed in other countries, viz.,

that at 12:01 A. M., February 2nd, their New Year's Day, every debt must be paid. The Chinese believe in this custom with a vengeance and will pawn everything they have, if necessary, to meet their bills.

We sometimes have the idea that philanthropy is a prerogative of Christian peoples, and in view of this fact it is interesting to note that the well-to-do of Nanking are providing the poor with almost free gruel each day. This is an ancient custom in China and is believed by the donors to result in blessings to them. About \$8,000 has been donated for this purpose in Nanking. There are three gruel depots in Nanking—the largest of them not far from our school compound. Dr. Price writes about this depot as follows in today's "Nanking Bulletin":

"Nine thousand people daily are accommodated here, and each person is privileged to buy as much 'tsoh' (rice gruel) as he or she can eat on the ground, but to take nothing away. Thirty piculs a day provide 18,000 bowls of gruel, each bowl being sold at two coppers each, the remainder being given free. Including all expenses the cost of each large bowl is fifteen coppers (a little less than three cents gold). The cost of two bowls, which is four coppers, will fill up the hungriest. This fine piece of philanthropy is being supported by Chinese benevolent societies and generous individuals, and these and others give freely of their time also. The arrangements are orderly and the crowd well managed. The distributing centers are open from 8 to 12 each morning. The crowds represent the very poor, and it is a startling revelation of the number of these about us. Some who have not eaten to the full for months get filled up for once."

Work at the language school is progressing normally. It seems wonderfully good to get a new supply of words to work with each day. We have also started writing the Chinese characters. As was the case with Hebrew, it doesn't seem nearly as dreadful after you have started to analyze the characters as it did upon first sight. We use regular Chinese brush, ink, and notebook at home. The ink is purchased in the form of a cake. A little water is poured into a rough-bottomed dish, the cake of ink is rubbed over this, and very soon a nice, thick black ink is produced.

Last week the annual campaign for library funds was conducted in our school. This library is a very useful one, not only for the students attending the school at present, but also for those who have been graduated, as they may at any time draw books from the school library. An effort is made to get all worthwhile books possible on China. The library committee was unusually successful this year in raising \$610.00 from the students for this purpose.

We are all feeling fine. Ollie and I feel we ought to diet a bit to avoid taking on too much weight, but it is dreadfully hard to diet when we have such a wonderfully able Chinese cook. He doesn't like to have us diet either.

Took a picture of Ollie having her hair cut by a Chinese barber in front of our home today. These barbers are very glad to come to our homes to clip our hair at a very reasonable rate—less than fifty cents U. S. money for the two of us. We have him use our own clippers, scissors, and comb, as we hate to take any chances with Chinese "sore head."

Babe is getting stronger on her feet right along. She is slow about learning to talk, but I get a real kick out of hearing her say "daddy" and "papa." I

suppose she is slow with the language because amah talks Chinese to her half of the day. She sure is a bright, quick little youngster.



THE TRAVELING BARBER

In China the barber frequently walks along the streets in search of business. If anyone wants a shave or hair cut, he simply beckons a barber to him, and the barber gets busy. Their prices are a bit lower than ours in America. One of these barbers will cut your hair, shave your face, clean your ears, scratch your back, and scrape your eyelids for ten cents.

February 3rd, 1927.

Yesterday was the first day of Chinese "New Year." This is celebrated by the Chinese for three days, during which time practically every store is closed down. A holiday spirit prevails. Greetings are exchanged, gifts given, and an abundance of food partaken of. The celebration continues beyond the three days, but the first three days are the important ones.

Ordinarily at New Year's time many fireworks are fired, but that was impossible this year because of strict orders from the military authorities not to

do so. Nanking is next in order for attack by the Reds, and to avoid any possible misunderstanding as to the identity of some of the explosive sounds, firing crackers is forbidden. The explosions might frighten some of the citizens, but what is regarded more important is that some real firing might be done without any alarm being given owing to the soldiers mistaking the firing for the shooting of fire-crackers.

Before February 2nd all our creditors came around for their money. Merchants who are glad to give the foreigners any credit at all, desire to be



A CHINESE FRUIT VENDOR

This is a common way of carrying loads in China. A strong strip of bamboo is placed across the shoulder, and on each side of this strip a basket is hung. In this way great loads can be carried by a single man. Men such as the one pictured above, go from house to house with oranges, pears, bananas, pomegranates, and other fruit and vegetables of various kinds.

paid up on February 1st, as it is a rule established for many centuries that all debts must be paid before the Chinese New Year. Individuals and merchants do their utmost to meet all their bills by midnight, February 1st, so that they can start the New

Year with a clean slate. If for any reason at all they fail in this, and they rarely do, they are regarded as having "lost face."

Our teachers had told us repeatedly that the big doings on Chinese New Year in Nanking were to be observed at "Footsimiau." If this is pronounced "Foots in me eye" it will not be far from correct. Well, we decided to go and see what was doing.

At the gate we met three cute little youngsters who said, "Kongshe, Kongshe." This is the Chinese way of saying "Happy New Year." I wished them the same with the Chinese reply, "Tongshe, Tongshe," and gave them two coppers each. They were delighted with this. However, some other youngsters in the distance had seen the transaction and came scuttling over to partake of the same joy. Fortunately I happened to have a pocket full of these coppers (six worth one American cent), and I was glad to continue with them the practice I had started with the three. It was good to hear the cute little tykes say their "Kongshe, Kongshe," and then see the radiant joy on their faces as they were given the coppers. By mental telepathy, or some such manner, other youngsters were informed, and I dare say there were fifty of them within two minutes. At this time we thought it an opportune moment to move on, and fortunately were able to do so without the youngsters tagging along.

On the way to Footsimiau we noticed several "Punch and Judy" shows. I had been over these roads repeatedly previously to yesterday, but never before saw such an outfit. Yesterday, however, they were on the job, like a fresh crop of toadstools, much to the delight of the Chinese youngsters. They did not seem as clever as some of those I saw in my boyhood days in Paterson, but that may be because

I could not understand the dialogue that the manipulator was putting into the mouths of his dolls. At intervals an assistant, a young boy, would pass through the crowd with a tin cup for the purpose of receiving a copper or two from each onlooker.

At one place we heard a loud, weird noise, emanating from a building. We decided to investigate and found ourselves in the courtyard of a temple. At the farther end of the courtyard we could look directly into the temple, with a big idol prominently displayed and much incense burning before it. In the courtyard about a hundred Chinese were having what they themselves call a "hot-noisy" time. The racket came from a toy shaped like two wooden wheels about four inches apart and connected by a smooth round bar. The wheels were hollow and at every half inch or inch on the rim a slit had been cut. The vendor had a short stick in each hand, to which both ends of a string were attached. The "top" was taken on this string, and by proper manipulation was made to whirl at a terrific speed, producing a noise that could be heard a block away. There was also a huge box with four peep-holes in it, and a highly colored picture of a world war battle on the top. Several youngsters were looking into the peep-holes to see the other pictures that were displayed. When they were through the vendor urged us to look, at two coppers each. We did. The first pictures were harmless enough—most of them highly colored, fantastic war pictures; but the last picture was decidedly obscene. Strange anomaly—to have such a picture for children to look at, in the courtyard of a temple, in view of their heathen god,—and in a country where it is regarded immodest for men and women's clothes to hang on the same line! There was also a great deal of gambling done

in this courtyard. Some of the gambling was done with dice, three being used instead of two, as in America. Another gambling device, also frequent, is a sort of roulette wheel. It is a crude affair, with both ends of the spinning rod weighted down with a number of copper cash, to give it a flywheel effect. From one end of the rod a short red string hung, and at the end of this a straight pin. The compartment on which the point of the pin rested when the spinning had ceased indicated the winner. I have been told that legally gambling is forbidden in Nanking, although I have seen plenty of evidence that this rule is not enforced, but during the days of New Year celebration the "lid is off" legally and gambling may be done without any restraint. These sights made us think of the Lord Jesus in the temple at Jerusalem, driving the business men out with a whip, and we wondered why the heathen priests did not do the same to these people who were desecrating the courtyard of their gods.

It was interesting to note that over practically every doorway of both homes and business places numerous red banners were hung. On the sides of many doorways were deep red scrolls of paper with New Year greetings in huge black or gold characters. Red seems to be the color of joy, for on this and other holidays that we have had here the greeting cards are printed in bright red. Red banners are hung over the doorways, and red scrolls are hung beside the door and also given to honored guests. I wonder if this doesn't help to make the Red Flag of Russia attractive to these people. It frightens us because red is a sign of "danger" to us, but to the Chinese it means "joy and prosperity."

At Footsimiau, street hawkers were numerous, and there was a fairly good sized crowd out. Noisy

toys were abundant, especially the "top" just described. There were also very many brilliantly colored paper images of rabbits, donkeys, horses, and birds. In addition there were lamp shades, also of paper, and of most intricate workmanship. They were decidedly beautiful. One hawker had a rather ingenious device. He had paper boxes, about a foot square, shaped somewhat like a canary cage back home. On the front of this box was a picture of a field. Images of men and animals at work in this field, and also of a distant warrior on horseback, were made to fit over the picture and were held in place by small wires extending to them from within the box. All of these fine wires were connected to a paper fan in the upper part of the box. The heat from a lighted candle under this fan set it in motion, and as a result, the characters on the front of the box also came to life, so that the men appeared to work, the animals were moving, and the horse of the warrior was trotting along.

Peep-shows were abundant at Footsimiau. In view of our experience in the temple courtyard we did not look into these. The structure of these peep-shows was somewhat more pretentious than that in the courtyard. These were built multangularly and a dozen people could look at the same thing. One copper each is the fee.

One fellow was working in a pen and charging two coppers admission. In this he had a porcupine, with its bristles almost always at almost right angles to its body, a peacock, two deer, and two apes. One of these apes was a highly trained individual. The owner could make it walk on its hands alone; he could make it jump from the ground, do a somersault in the air and land hands down on the extended palms of its master. It would also run

around the pen pulling a black doll in a miniature rickshaw.

An interesting article for sale was a block of wood, shaped like a bulging old-fashioned coin purse. This is hollowed out through a slit made in



A CHINESE SERVANT

Man power is cheap in China. An intelligent, physically strong man, such as this picture is of, can be hired in China for \$6.00 a month, and for that money he will provide his own clothing and pay his own rent. These men are industrious and will work from eight to twelve hours a day. This man was a janitor in the Nanking Christian High School.

A CHINESE FLAPPER

This good-looking Chinese young lady saw me taking pictures of other Chinese while I was present at a feast in a Confucian temple, and decided she also wanted to have her picture taken. Note the trousers she is wearing and the beautifully decorated coat.

the bottom, and when struck with a wooden hammer, which is sold with it, produced a loud and rather pleasant noise. This article is used by night-

watchmen in Nanking and elsewhere, and it is not uncommon to hear them slowly and rhythmically striking this block as they make their rounds. The idea, of course, is to warn any possible thieves that that particular neighborhood is being patrolled by a watchman. The Chinese believe it is better to scarce a thief away than to catch him.

Women were scarce on the street. There were some young girls, gayly dressed, but very few women of fifteen and older. I was told that the mother of every home must remain at home during these three days of celebration to receive the numerous callers with New Year wishes.

The attitude of the Chinese toward us on this sight-seeing trip was very friendly. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves and did not appear to resent the presence of foreigners.

On Tuesday, the 1st, a rather large contingent of missionary refugees landed in Nanking. They were representatives of the German Reformed Church (Reformed Church of the United States), and felt compelled to leave because conditions in Hunan had become impossible for them. Hospitals, schools, and other work conducted by the foreigners were closed down.

They report a violent bolshevistic spirit prevailing there. It is so bad that youngsters on the streets may be heard calling out, "Down with our parents—we want no bosses!" Imagine that, will you, in the land of Confucius! The rabble wish no authority whatever. The Reds from the South cannot control them. The southern governors, according to report, had shut up in prison in Canton ten or twelve very violent Chinese Soviets. In some way these escaped and made their way up to Hunan. Hunan is noted

for its radicalism in normal times, and when these frenzied orators arrived they whipped the natives into a state bordering on insanity. The servants of the missionaries plundered their homes while they were still in it. The nurses in the hospitals insisted on dictating to the foreign doctors. Students in school wanted to have control over the teachers with permission to dismiss anyone who displeased them. After the missionaries had decided to get out, and thought they had all bills paid, the servants absolutely forbade them to leave town until they had been paid much money in advance. The Chinese doctor of the hospital, presumably a fine Christian gentleman, was one of the most insistent. They were finally released after turning out about \$1,400.00 in salaries. The doctor had to be paid six months in advance, and all the servants two months. An effort was also made to make the missionaries guarantee a steady income of funds to the Chinese from the United States, but they were fortunate enough to get away without making such guarantees. They were unable to take any furniture with them, and each missionary lost from \$500.00 to \$2,500.00 gold in personal property. The missionaries were very much discouraged about prospects for continuation of their work in that district, and some of them were going on to America with the resolve of not coming back to China again. Rev. and Mrs. George Snyder of the German Reformed Church are a bit farther inland. They were sent a telegram telling them to get out, but it took them some four months to get to their station, and in view of the fact that there was no disturbance at their station they wired back that they were going to stay. A second telegram, more urgent than the first, was sent, but no reply was received to this. We are personally interested in the

Snyders because they were fellow-passengers on the "President Wilson" last summer and we thoroughly enjoyed each others companionship.

The Yangtze River boats are all crowded with foreigners. The boats will ordinarily accommodate only fifteen to thirty foreigners, but nowadays they are made to accommodate from seventy-five to a hundred and thirty. We were also informed that steamers to America were booked full up to June.

This morning from nine to twelve a prayer meeting was conducted by the students of the language school in the assembly room of Meig's Hall, the girls' dormitory. One of the addresses was by a Chinese pastor. His outlook on the situation was in a sense rather gloomy. He well remembered the Boxer days, and said the present time was very much like that preceding the Boxer rebellion. He said the thunder clouds were gathering and that at any time we might expect the storm to break.

He told of some of the things the Chinese Christian preachers had to suffer in Hunan, now under control of the Reds. He said they were made to parade along the streets, with their hands tied behind their backs, a dunce cap a yard long on their heads, and with signs on their backs stating that they were "The running dogs of imperialism."

This Chinese pastor felt, however, that the ordeal would be a healthful one for the church. He said there are many nominal Christians in the Chinese church today—many so-called "rice Christians"—and that a test such as those of Hunan are now going through will sift the chaff from the wheat and result in a more healthy church. He said that the churches in Kiangsu and Fukien had already gone through this process and that they were better and stronger churches for it.

To illustrate that a Chinese can be true to the faith the speaker recalled an incident of the Boxer rebellion. During the threatening days before the rebellion broke out in full fury he was with his father in Peking. His father told him he had better stay in that city as it was much safer for him there, but that he, the father, would go to his pastoral charge about sixty miles northwest of Peking. The son remonstrated that if it was safer for the son to be in Peking, it would be safer for the father also. However, the elder simply said, "My duty lies there with my flock; I shall go." He did go and ministered to his congregation, but the bitterness became so intense that those who remained faithful decided to flee from the city. The city gates were locked, but they managed to get out through the water gate, intending to hide in the caves of the mountains. About three miles out they lost the road in the dark. At daybreak they noticed a crowd of people some distance away and immediately recognized these as Boxers. They were soon captured by these, and brought to a heathen temple. There they were ordered to recant and bow down to the idol, or be killed. The preacher turned to his captors and said, "For thirty-three years I have never bowed my knees to an idol." Barely had he said those words when the mob in fury drove them from the temple, outside the city walls, and murdered every one of them. The son learned the story when he proceeded to this town after the rebellion had quieted down.

He had another story which was rather hard to believe and concerning which I should like to question him further. He said that during the siege of Peking by the Boxers there had been incessant firing for seven days, and then the firing ceased for twenty days. One of the besieged was captured by the

Boxers and when he asked why firing had ceased he was told that they saw men walking over the roofs of the homes of the Christians. They said these men were dressed in pure white and had wings, and therefore they were afraid to fire. This Chinese pastor regarded this as authentic and said it helped him to believe implicitly the miracles of the Bible. He had been reading some higher criticism of the Book of Daniel, but said that if God could manifest himself as miraculously as He did at Peking, he certainly also had the power in the days of Daniel to protect the three men in the fiery furnace.

Meetings such as this prayer meeting are highly beneficial to our spiritual lives. At such times we feel how real and vital our relationship to God is.

The "China Press" today states that the southern representative, "Eugene Chen," and O'Malley of Great Britain have broken off negotiations owing to Britain's persistence in sending huge forces to China. This begins to look a bit more like war.

Our consul is keeping close tab of the situation and says he will endeavor to give us a week's notice in the event it is necessary for us to get out, so that we can save our baggage. The government will provide ships for us; if necessary, war vessels.

It is hard for us to believe that serious events are in the offing, owing to the fact that Nanking is so thoroughly quiet, with no evidence of hostility. We certainly are not worried.

At twelve o'clock this noon, at the close of our prayer meeting—while the last prayer was being said—it seemed to me that the whole building shook gently back and forth for about a minute. When the prayer was ended I said nothing about it, but my neighbor immediately remarked that he had had such a sensation and thought it was an earthquake.

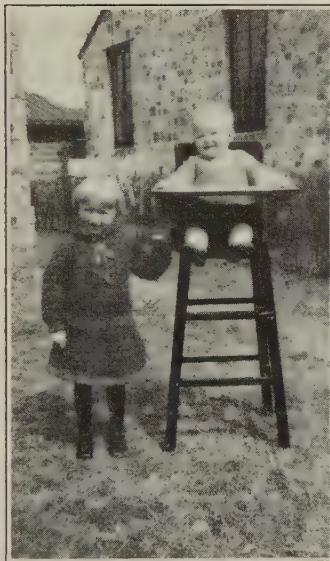
About 1:00 P. M., while sitting reading in a rocker at home, I had a similar sensation, very definite, and again lasting about a minute. During this time one of the panes in a window kept up a continuous rattle. There was practically no wind blowing. This lower Yangtze Valley would be about the last place in the world to expect an earthquake, but I shall be interested in seeing the next newspaper to note if there has been any evidence of it elsewhere.

February 13th, 1927.

On Wednesday, the 9th, the Jukao folks arrived. In the party were Rev. Smit, Mrs. Smit, their youngster Eunice, Mrs. De Korne, and Miss Kalsbeek. The letters advising them to leave Jukao arrived on the 31st, and on the 3rd they left Jukao. The S. A. Dykstra family were with them too. At Tungchow they were unable to get a river steamer. One passed by refusing to stop, and they were informed that for five days there would be no other steamer owing to it being the Chinese New Year. So they rented a sailboat, which took them across the river to a port from which they could take a train into Shanghai. Huddled together thus in a small, dirty, Chinese sailboat for a day or two, and with insufficient clothing to keep warm, is no joke.

They found Shanghai crowded with foreigners and had a difficult time finding a place to put up for the night. The city was alive with lurid stories told by refugees and others, producing a feeling of intense excitement. There apparently was a dread anticipation of serious things about to happen in the near future.

Sam Dykstra was very eager to get back to Jukao,



A CHINESE MADE HIGHCHAIR

This picture shows Eunice Smit, daughter of our popular missionary, Rev. Albert Smit, standing alongside of Yvonne in her new highchair. The Chinese furniture makers are very clever. They will imitate practically any piece of furniture that you may show to them or that you may have a picture of. When we wanted a highchair for the baby, we simply brought a picture of such a chair taken from Sears, Roebuck & Company's catalog to a Chinese furniture maker, and in a few days he returned with this sturdy chair. When we were compelled to leave Nanking, we could not take this chair with us and it was stolen by the Chinese who ransacked our home on March 24, when Nanking was taken.



WOMAN WASHING CLOTHES

There is no electric washing machine available for the average housewife in China. She must take her laundry to the canals or to the ponds and do her washing by slapping the clothes upon the water or by rubbing them there. The Chinese are not particular about their water and the same water in which they wash their clothes is also used for washing their food and for drinking purposes. Fortunately they have learned the great sanitary principle that if food or liquids are boiled all bugs in it will be killed, so while the water which the Chinese drink is frequently dirty, they very rarely drink it raw. They will almost always boil it and make tea out of it and then drink it piping hot, which is a perfectly safe procedure.

but he was finally persuaded that his first duty was to his wife and three children, and so decided to remain in Shanghai for the time being. The others after much deliberation decided to accept our invitation to come to Nanking.

We were very happy to have them come here, and have since enjoyed their companionship immensely. It is a bit crowded in the house, but no one seems to mind that much, and after all we are not nearly so crowded as families sometimes are in the States when renting a summer cottage together.

Miss Kalsbeek was chafing because she had to be away from Jukao while there was so much important work to do there, and so Smit and I went to the consul to ask him about obtaining permission for her to return. The consul said that now the women and children were out of Jukao he would very much like to have all of them stay out. He argued that one woman could double the danger to the men who had to remain on the job. Also that there was really no principle involved, such as daring to undergo danger for the sake of a cause. He said he saw no good reason for allowing one's self to be hurt or killed in a fight between two sections of the country, in which we have no real interest. He thought it better to wait until they had settled their quarrel and then go back to work. So Miss Kalsbeek is remaining with us for the time being.

As per agreement with the men remaining on the job, Smit took the first boat back to Jukao, after seeing the women and children safely to Shanghai and to Nanking. Miss Nynhuis remained in Shanghai with the Dykstras. She will probably endeavor to obtain early passage back to America.

From Jukao reports have come that the Chinese

evangelists offered an ultimatum to our mission board stating that if they were not given higher salaries they would quit. They also said they would start a strike immediately, and refused to preach the following Sunday or to teach their Bible classes. The board was much put out about their evangelists acting in this way. In view of the fact that the salary schedule agreed upon is liberal to the evangelists in comparison with that maintained by other denominations in China, it was decided to stick to the original resolution and accept the resignations of the evangelists. This apparently was not expected by the evangelists, and since then two of them have apologized and will probably be taken back.

Miss Liu, the able Chinese young woman who is taking over Miss Kalsbeek's work during her absence from Jukao, reports that the inquirers are the ones who are causing the most disturbance to the missionaries at present. They seem to think an injustice was done to the evangelists. This situation makes one see the importance of two things in the missionary work—first, that all religious workers, foreign paid, among the Chinese, should be held rigidly to a uniform salary schedule, so that no one will "lose face" and raise a disturbance such as the present serious squabble in Jukao. Secondly, that every effort should be made to get the Chinese to support their own evangelists, so that if there is any kick about the salaries or other privileges they can go to their own people instead of to the foreigners.

Everything is very quiet in Nanking. We have noted no anti-foreign feeling whatever, and it is hard to believe that in other parts of the country there is so much trouble going on.

During the present week there have been no military demonstrations of a striking character. Chen

and O'Malley have resumed negotiations, but have apparently reached no conclusion. Some of the British troops have landed at Shanghai. Others, originally destined for Shanghai, have been held at Hongkong. Large numbers of troops are still on the way, and it is a question as to whether they will be held at Hongkong, to appease the Chinese a bit, or be sent on to Shanghai. In this connection a statement by

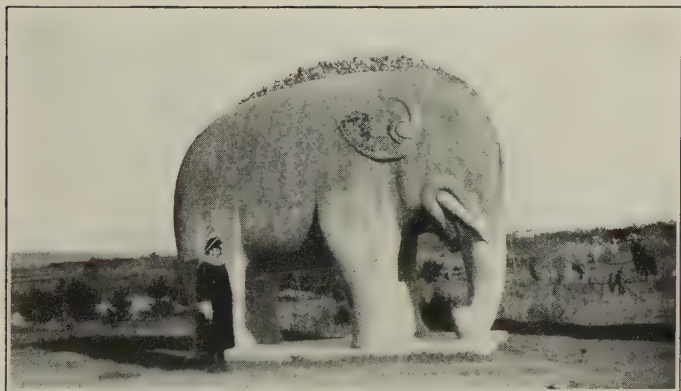


THE TOMB OF THE MING DYNASTY

A great tunnel-like passageway leads through this mass of stone and brick to its posterior portion, and from there further stairways lead to the top. A splendid view of the surrounding country can be obtained from the top of this tomb.

the local American consul is very interesting. He said that the Chinese leaders really welcome the foreign troops into this territory. Publicly they denounce this troop activity, but this is for public consumption. Privately they have told foreign representatives that they were in some doubt as to their own ability to hold their people in check and were glad to have the foreign troops here to help them keep order,

The main military movement now is that of the Fengtien army of Chang Tso Lin. Wu Pei Fu has told Chang he would like to have him hold his troops up north and let him, Wu, take care of fighting the southern armies in Central China. However, Chang has now issued a public telegram in which he states that he has waited six months for Wu to keep his



STONE ELEPHANT ON THE ROAD TO THE MINGS' TOMB

Three hundred years ago the Ming dynasty ruled in China, and during part of this time the capitol was located at Nanking. The Ming gentlemen decided to have an elaborate burial place and so erected for themselves an immense brick and stone structure for this purpose, a few miles outside of the walls of Nanking. Part of the road enroute to this great tomb is lined with stone images of animals. The one shown above is one of the most prominent of these. The loose stones on the top of this elephant are said to represent prayers on the part of the Chinese. They believe that if they succeed in throwing a stone in such a way that it remains lodged on the back of this elephant, the prayer that they offer at the time will be answered and they will obtain their desire.

promise, but the latter has done nothing. Now Chang is sending a large army to retake Hankow. If Wu desires, he will be welcomed as a friend to assist in this job. If he attempts to stop the passage of Chang into Central China, Chang says he will force his way through. The Nanking United States consul antici-

pates the bloodiest fighting of the present war in the region of Hankow before long.

An interesting way of getting direct information regarding their relatives in China, without personal cost of cabling, was demonstrated by the parents of one of our language school students a few days ago. Her folks in America wrote or wired to the State Department, Washington, that they were worried about their daughter and desired some information about her. So the State Department cabled the Nanking consul, who inquired at the school, then cabled back—at United States expense.

Newspaper reports state that the earthquake noted by us in Nanking on the 3rd was felt severely at Shanghai. Two distinct tremblors were noted, the latter the more severe. There was no serious damage done, but many pictures were knocked off the walls. Letters from Jukao state that in the missionaries' homes some plaster was cracked, and cement on the porch was also cracked.

Yesterday afternoon a group of about twenty language school students went for a hike on the Nanking wall. It was a beautiful day—warm enough to enable one to stroll in comfort without wearing an overcoat—a clear, sunshiny, early spring day.

Going from the language school to the wall we passed through many small fields of the Chinese. Again it surprised us how much land there is under cultivation right inside the city walls,—in many places a regular farming community.

Many of the people live in miserable reed huts. These are about eight by twelve feet—floor space—and into this small compartment the family and its animals are packed. These places must be very cold in the winter, and the inhabitants surely must welcome heartily the spring days we are now having.

Horses and cows are exceedingly rare around here. Hogs and chickens are rather plentiful, as they are much more easily fed. We noticed several groups of hogs. Usually there was a sow with three to seven pigs feeding on the sparse grass. A boy keeps watch over these animals. They are not exactly razor back hogs, but surely rather thin around the middle, and I just wondered how these



LANGUAGE SCHOOL STUDENTS HIKING ON THE WALL

I do not believe that there is a finer walk in the world than that on the top of the city wall of Nanking. The wall is covered with short grass and is kept very clean. The reason it is clean is not because the city spends a lot of money to keep it so, but because everything is made use of in China. Any piece of paper, wood, tin can, or piece of metal of any type that might be lying around is quickly picked up by the Chinese and put to practical use. This leaves the wall decidedly clean. It is a wonderfully refreshing experience to leave the busy streets down below and walk on this high, airy, clean wall. At the place where this picture was taken the students stood in a line to give you an idea as to the width of the top of the wall.

black-skinned animals would appreciate about a month in the fields of our Iowa farmers.

On this walk to the wall we also noticed a man grinding grain. Several times previously we had noted donkeys turning huge millstones, but this is the first time I noticed a man doing the work. His

two stones were about two feet in diameter and set up on a stand, so that the wooden bar stuck into the upper stone would be about the level of the waist of the man grinding. He was walking around in a circle, just as the donkeys did at other places. It did not seem to be very hard work to him and he was real cheerful about it.

Near the wall a small garrison of Chinese soldiers was located. A squad of these were in the field drilling. They were fairly snappy about it.



THE WALL OF NANKING

This wall is from forty to one hundred feet in height. It averages about thirty-five feet in width at the top. The width of the base varies greatly. At one gate I found it to be one hundred feet wide. At another one hundred fifty feet. It is said to be built solidly of huge stone bricks. We like to think that our modern cannon could easily blow up these old walls, but I assure you that even our heaviest guns would have to do a lot of shooting to break up the great wall of Nanking. This wall is said to be the largest city wall in the world.

They are taught to march with goose step, and they are made to goose step with a vengeance. Every time they took a step the legs were kicked high into the air.

We climbed the wall at the "Nan-si-men" Gate,

i. e., the southwest gate. What a wonderful wall it is! At this gate it is sixty-five to seventy feet high. At other places along the walk southward on this wall it appears to be almost a hundred feet high. In all my life I have never enjoyed walks as I have these walks on Nanking's city wall. The top of the wall is level and has a short growth of grass on it. It is kept very, very clean, and it is perhaps the contrast with the squalor of the Chinese streets, stores, and homes which makes us appreciate the clean,



LOOP-HOLES TO SEE THE ENEMY

On top of the main wall of Nanking a secondary wall has been built. This wall is about seven feet high and one foot in thickness. Holes have been left in the wall so that defenders of the city can see an approaching enemy and point rifles or guns at the invader.

airy walk on the city wall all the more. And then, on both sides as one walks along there are typical Chinese sights to fill the soul of the hungriest sight-seer.

On the outer edge of the wall is a secondary wall which varies in height from five to seven feet. This wall is made of blue stone cut in the form of large

bricks, and is about a foot thick. At intervals of ten feet openings are left in the wall wide enough to permit a man to crawl through, or reach out and look down the outside of the wall. In addition there are numerous holes about nine inches square at about the level of the top of the main wall, so that a soldier lying on the ground could conveniently point his rifle through the hole.

At many places we observed slabs of stone, six inches thick, a foot wide, and about four feet high. They were erected parallel to each other. Each slab had two holes four inches in diameter cut into them. The slabs were set very firmly into the top of the wall. We wondered what they were used for in the good old days. Perhaps blocks of wood were inserted into the holes to accommodate ropes for pulling up men and materials onto the wall.

Off to the north, a fairly good sized hill overtopped the city wall—within the wall. We could not see details on this hill very well from where we were, but we did notice one huge cannon, probably put there to welcome the expected southerners.

On the outside of the wall—everywhere—is a stretch of ground a hundred or more feet in width. At most places this is occupied by small Chinese huts. Then outside of this stretch is a broad canal, accommodating hundreds of boats of fairly good size. Many of these boats were tea houses, the Chinese restaurants. There were also numerous “flower boats,” or pleasure boats, smaller, but comfortable for sightseeing. It made us feel we wanted to surround the city wall in one of them some day.

The Nanking wall has numerous openings for gates—a dozen or more. There are also several water gates, where canals pass from within to without the city. A huge stone or metal door is so fixed

that it can be dropped down and thus block passage through these canal openings.



THE BRIDGE AT SOUTH GATE, NANKING

The huge wall of Nanking, 25 miles long, is surrounded by a broad canal; and at the various gates of the city, bridges cross this canal. This picture shows the bridge at the south gate. Both sides of the bridge are lined with small booths in which goods of almost every description are sold. In spite of the very heavy traffic which passes back and forth over the bridge, no attempt is made to widen the road. In general one will find that city streets built in China centuries ago are very narrow. In Jukao, the city in which we are doing our mission work, the main street is so narrow that at some places I can touch the stores on both sides of the street at one time. The road over this bridge is somewhat broader but not more than fifteen feet in width.

Many small farms may be seen from the city wall. At two places we also noted large numbers (forty or more) large basins built into the ground. These are some ten feet in diameter and about eight feet deep. Animal and human (chiefly human) offal are dumped into these containers with some other materials, and allowed to "ripen" there. The resulting aroma is far from attractive to the foreigner's sense of smell, but it represents dollars and cents to the Chinese, as it is very rich material for the fertilization of their fields. In past years, during serious Chinese riots, foreigners have been cast into these

dung pits. It is about the grossest insult that a Chinese can think of offering.

The Chinese farms are a constant marvel to the foreigners. Most of them are small—a half acre farm would be considered large—but almost infinite care is given to them. They are kept scrupulously clean. A weed would fare very poorly if it dared to raise its head in one of these Chinese vegetable gardens. Seeds are planted in perfect rows.

Small ponds adjoining these farms are very numerous. These serve at least two purposes. In



VIEW FROM THE WALL AT SOUTH GATE, NANKING

This picture gives a fairly good idea of the height of the wall. Note how low down the houses appear at the foot of the wall. The modern factory in the distance is an arsenal which employs about four hundred men.

the first place they are a constant source of water supply for the fields. They are also used to breed fish, and are often made to yield large quantities of this type of food. Furthermore, they are used by the women to wash their food and clothing, and also in some instances to supply them with drinking water.

Two factories were passed. These gave a modern aspect to the sections concerned. The factories were of considerable size and looked as though each would furnish employment to about four hundred men. We were told by an older resident of Nanking that one was used as a mint for making silver dollars, and the other as an arsenal.

At one place outside the wall we noticed an excited group of Chinese. We could not find out what



A WOMANLY ARGUMENT

These two women had some slight disagreement, and not satisfied with arguing with words, they decided to have a fight. When we came by they were going at it very strong. Note the woman on the left has the side of her face marked up with dirt and scratches due to the success of the other woman in throwing her to the pavement. It will not do for foreigners to interfere with these arguments as the Chinese prefer to fight their battles undisturbed.

the quarrel was about, but they sure were angry. The chief warriors were two women, each endeavoring to jump upon the other. However, they were prevented from doing so by the bystanders. This brings up an interesting Chinese custom someone recently told me about. The Chinese see no particular harm in arguing with words, and no people in

the world can hurl them more vehemently and rapidly against each other than the Chinese, but it is regarded a real disgrace when blows are resorted to. The first one to strike is the guilty person, regardless of what the argument was about. To make a showing of violent anger, therefore, the person says, "Hold me, hold me, or I'll hit him!" and the bystanders graciously do so, enabling the arguer to



THE FIGHT GROWS WARMER

At the time that this picture was taken the women were fighting so furiously that my camera was not able to take a clear picture even in 1-100 of a second. It was very shortly after this that the husband of one of the women came along and seized her with the intention of throwing her into the river. He got to within six feet of the water when the woman wrenched herself loose and escaped. Note Rev. S. A. Dykstra, Rev. A. Smit, and Dr. L. S. Huizenga in the background of this picture.

demonstrate a tremendous amount of spleen without being in actual danger of getting into a fight. A somewhat similar thing occurs when women attempt suicide. She will go into the water perhaps to her knees, and then cry out to someone to seize her before she commits suicide. They often have to call quite a while before someone will grasp them and save them from their threatened self-destruction. In

all such cases of attempted suicide, it is therefore very important to do it in the neighborhood of some friends, who can come to the "rescue" when the cry is made.

Some canals have a higher level of water in them than others. This higher level is necessary to accommodate the larger and more important boats in these canals. It is curious to note how this larger supply of water is maintained. It is done by pumping water from the lower levels into the deeper canals. We noted one of these "pumps." It consisted of a long bar with nine sets of foot paddles, each set containing four paddles. Two chains of buckets led from the lower level to the higher level. Coolies kept the foot paddles in constant motion by stepping on the one after the other. It seemed like a serious waste of human effort. One gasoline engine could do the work better than the nine men. However, the matter has been investigated by the authorities and they concluded that human labor was much cheaper than a gasoline engine would be. The cost of the gasoline and of the skilled mechanic necessary to run it would far surpass the meager wages the nine coolies receive.

At each of the city gates a two or three-story tower tops the city wall. These are rather large buildings and can accommodate considerable troops and horses. At the South Gate—a very important gate—as almost all the traffic south passes through it, there are four walls and gates, one back of the other about fifty feet, the ends of the walls in which they are placed being joined by a wall running to the main wall. This is, of course, an additional measure of defense, as thus four gates must be passed before entrance can be forced into the city. The open

spaces formed by these successive walls and their gates are now used for houses and stores, but in former years were used to house huge granaries.



**THE NANKING WALL AT THE
SOUTH GATE**

Note the height of the wall at this point. A two-story building reaches only half way to the top. The building on top of the wall is an observation tower and also a place for housing soldiers and animals.



AT THE TAIPING GATE

This picture shows one of the great entrances through the wall into the city of Nanking. At the outer side of the entrance there are gates made of timber approximately eight inches in thickness and lined on the inside with heavy sheets of steel.

At the South Gate we also noticed a small, old-fashioned brass cannon. It could fire a ball approximately three inches in diameter. At this place there is also a large brass or bronze tank—five feet deep and about five feet in diameter. It could not be for water, as there was no outlet to it. Could it be a huge oil pot? In former years criminals were oc-

asionally punished by being boiled in oil, and even missionaries are reported to have had similar experiences. A Chinese lad nearby ventured the statement that it was used as a bell, and indeed, when struck it emitted a long, deep tone, like a huge bell.

At the Taiping Gate we measured the top of the wall, and it was at least twelve yards wide. The base, as estimated by walking through the gate, is about eighty feet wide. At the outer side of this en-



NANKING PARK

This good-looking structure, and many others, are found in the beautiful park of Nanking. There is also a museum in this park with many relics of older Chinese life.

trance into the city are tremendously heavy wooden doors, about eight inches in thickness, and with a sheet of iron a half inch wide on the inner side. At all of the gates patrols of police are placed.

On the way home we passed a very fine city park. This is maintained by visitors who must pay a few coppers each for entering it. We wondered how this park came into being, as it is an unusual thing for China. The story is that a rich man was greatly

in love with a beautiful woman married to another man. The rich man killed the married man, and then to appease his conscience somewhat gave this beautiful park to the community to commemorate the name of the man he killed.

We are all well.

School work is progressing normally.

February 20th, 1927.

During the past week we had two interesting lectures. One was by the Superintendent of East China Unit of Seventh Day Adventists. He compared the condition in the church of God in Esther's day with the present in China. He said it was a real crisis then, as the fate of the Church of God was in the balance. But God raised persons to meet the situation, and we can depend on Him to do it in China also. He remarked that Esther's stunt of inviting the king repeatedly before she revealed her request shows her orientalism and was very effective.

At another chapel exercise Mr. Keppler, representative of the United Church of China, told us a few things he had recently learned. He quoted McNair, Shanghai University professor, in a recent speech. McNair said the background to the present trouble could be found in the following:

1) Sociological

- a) Herd instinct to attack what we do not understand and which is different from what we do ourselves.
- b) Preserve old customs and orders.

2) Geographical—with resultant isolation

China is not so much a country as a continent and a civilization. It is thoroughly protected from other countries by the mountains and deserts of the north and west, and by the sea on the east.

Up to the present time no force has entered China sufficiently strong to change its civilization. Even a large inroad of Jews into Hunan was absorbed so that they have lost their Jewish identity.

3) Psychological

"Imperialism," the cry recently raised throughout China, is merely a slogan to arouse the people to excitement. "It is like giving a dog a name and then killing it for having that name," said McNair.

"China is one of the four nations in the world history which has deserved the name of Imperialistic. The others were Rome, Spain, and Britain. China is sore now because another imperial nation is taking away its imperialism.

"China is and has been very arrogant. When East and West came into contact, it was contact of two nations with marked superiority complexes—each egregiously conceited and looking disdainfully on the other.

"China's policy in the past has been to stir up two barbarian nations against each other, and after they have ended their fight, throw overboard the victorious nation. It is trying that trick now in stirring up trouble between Britain and Russia."

Keppler also visited Hankow during the past few days. While there he had a three-hour conversation with Eugene Chen's first assistant. This man frankly

admitted that there was an allegiance between China Nationalists and the Russian Soviets. He also said that the Nationalists agreed that former efforts to gain control in China had been frustrated because the platform was too elaborate, and the factions split over details. Their present program, therefore, has only three major objectives. Smaller points are left to individual discretion.

The major objectives are:

- 1) Overthrow imperialism
- 2) Abolish unequal treaties
- 3) Obtain absolute equality among the nations

Christians are having tremendous pressure put on them to declare themselves in favor of the Nationalists. The Church in the past has long been considered as part of the plan of imperialism. The outlook is dark indeed.

Keppler asked the deputy if it was true that Chinese had been killed in the Hankow riots. He said "No," but that this story was vividly told throughout the country as a matter of propaganda. Many memorial services, parades, etc., were held and encouraged purely as a matter of propaganda.

The deputy also said the story of the Catholics killing twenty babies in Foochow had come up for propaganda discussion, but the Cantonese leaders had finally decided not to push that story—first, because they knew it to be untrue; second, because they feared that if broadcast it would result in such a general uprising against the foreigners that the Boxer slaughter would be only a flash in the pan compared with it; third, as a result of such a thing they feared the various nations would strongly unite against China.

Regarding the killing of Whangpo cadets at Shameem last year, Keppler heard from a friend of his that his friend had been told by one of the Whangpo cadets that the cadets themselves had been first to open fire on the British and French and were severely disciplined by Chiang Kai Shek for it later. But, that for propaganda purposes, the story was permitted to go abroad that the foreigners had been first to fire.

The deputy said they had a real conviction that England would not fight. First, because England fears an uprising among its own labor element; second, because of the danger of a similar uprising in India.

Another quotation from Chen's deputy was to the effect that while the Nationalist chiefs regretted the anti-foreign riots, they did not care to stifle them. Their reason is that these riots are a form of expression of the nationalism which their own propaganda has put into the hearts of the people. This expression will take different forms, and in this instance it was one of rioting against the foreigners. The deputy said if they stifled this it would mean a rebuff to this growing nationalistic fervor, and thus injure the cause—and also that checking it might be considered as imperialistic on the part of the leaders, so that the people would in turn turn upon them.

An encouraging incident was something that happened at a committee meeting of Chinese delegates of churches in Hunan and Hupeh provinces—preparing for a general synod to be held soon. At this meeting one of the speakers was a prominent Changsha preacher. This man had almost turned Communist and had severely taken foreigners to task. However, when he rose to speak he turned to Keppler and a British representative, the only two

foreigners there, and said he wished to offer an apology to them as representatives of foreign missionary bodies and tell them that he deeply regretted the great injustice with which they had been treated in the past. He said he was only beginning to appreciate what a sacrifice the foreigners had made in leaving their own country, living so far from home, often suffering gross indignities, and at times giving their lives for the Chinese. It was his opinion that as the years rolled by the Chinese would have an increasingly true appreciation of what these missionaries had done and are doing for them and their nation.

Keppler made a statement similar to that made by him some time ago, that in his opinion the progress of Christianity in China would go on successfully even if all foreigners were obliged to leave the country.

In this connection he stated that at the committee meeting referred to the Chinese attacked with vim the problems of the native church—chief among which was running all Christian institutions without the aid of foreign gold. They seemed to take it for granted that it could be done.

Things appear more up in the air than ever just now. During the week we first heard a report that large numbers of empty troop cars were being sent from Shanghai to Hangchow to bring back defeated soldiers. Also that all passenger service on the Shanghai-Hangchow line had been discontinued. Later reports were confirmed to the effect that Hangchow had been captured by the southerners.

General Chang Tso Lin's troops have been coming down from the north. Apparently they are meeting with no opposition from Marshal Wu.

Chang seems to think that he will be able to recapture Hankow without great difficulty.

Thousands of British troops have been coming into Shanghai during the past week. Newspapers report no riots in connection with the landing of these troops.

However, this morning Dr. Huizenga came in from Shanghai and says that the post office employees and also those of the electric companies have gone on a strike as a protest against the arrival of the British battalions. Also that an attempt is being made to create a general strike throughout the city. The mails certainly are being held up, as we received no newspaper from Shanghai either yesterday or today. No other mail came through since yesterday either. This cuts us off from our supply of information from Shanghai and makes the uncertainty of life in Nanking just now still more unpleasant. We surely hope the post office strike will be settled very soon. It isn't so bad being in a hot-bed of revolution so long as we may be kept informed of what is going on.

The Shanghai-Nanking railway service is a very uncertain thing just now, as no one can tell when it will cease. Dr. Huizenga is going back to Shanghai tonight, as he fears he may not be able to get back by train tomorrow. There is always a grave danger of the southerners making an attack somewhere along this line of railway to cut off Nanking from Shanghai. Nanking is important to Marshal Sun in the defense of Shanghai because of its arsenal and its being a base of supplies for Sun.

The Jukao folks are still here and it surely is a great source of pleasure to have them here. They are good sports and we feel very well at home with them. Miss Kalsbeek is aching to get back to her

work and to Ruby Liu. The consul refused to give her permission to do so this past week but told her to see him again during the coming week. The way things look at present, I think he will rather advise her to go on to America instead of permitting her to go back to an inland station.

There are quite a few refugees from upriver in Nanking now. A number of these have entered language school. We have a large number of students in school these days.

We are all wondering, wondering, wondering what the next month or two holds in store for us. To me it looks as though there are very stormy days ahead. It looks as though the southerners will be increasingly successful and also capture Nanking shortly. With them in control of the country I do not think it will be safe for foreigners to work here for a while. We may all have to go back to America for two or three years. By that time the southerners may have become peacefully settled and it will be possible to resume missionary work among the people.

Ollie and baby feeling fine. Yvonne is getting more strong on her feet right along. Walks about quite a bit unaided.

February 21st, 1927.

This morning Miss Kalsbeek and Mrs. De Korne received telegrams urging them to come to Jukao at once to attend a very important general mission meeting. There was nothing to indicate what the nature of this mission meeting would be.

I went to the American consul to find out whether it was safe for the women to make the trip and was

told that we should have to decide for ourselves, but that he could not conceive of a missionary meeting sufficiently important to warrant the women making the special trip to Jukao for it. He gave me the following information:

A telegram just received from Hankow stated that Chen and O'Malley had signed an agreement regarding the status of the British Concession in Hankow.

Workmen in Shanghai had declared a two-day strike against the arrival of British troops. This is a general strike, even post offices being affected.

Definite reports are in hand that Hangchow has been taken by the southerners.

He further stated that there is a possibility of the southern troops cutting the Shanghai-Nanking Railroad and attempting to surround Shanghai, forcing it to yield because of famine. He stated there is an American torpedo boat in the river at Nanking as a refuge for us in the event there should be real and immediate trouble here. He desired more protection but this is being made somewhat difficult by a large petition signed by many missionaries and directed to the State Department, urging that no more troops or boats be sent to China.

There were no boats leaving Nanking for down river ports today, so the women could not leave if they wanted to. We do not know what would be best to do tomorrow. If they go, Selles and I plan to accompany them.

We sent a telegram to Jukao this noon telling De Korne and Smit about the consul's advice and asking whether they wanted the women to come anyway. We are now waiting for a reply to this message.

Owing to the Shanghai post office strike no mail has been coming through from Shanghai. We especially regret the lack of newspapers, as they are greatly welcomed these days.

Dr. Daniels just returned from Shanghai and reports this evening that there are a hundred thousand Chinese parading the streets of that city with banners decrying foreign imperialism and the presence of the British troops. Foreigners are keeping off the streets as much as possible. The following demands have been presented by the southerners:

- 1) That Marshal Sun Chuan Fang retire with his troops from Shanghai.
- 2) That the British troops evacuate Shanghai.
- 3) That the southerners be permitted to enter Shanghai without fighting.

We feel now that the air is pregnant with all kinds of possibilities. It would seem that with a hundred thousand idle men roaming through Shanghai streets, with anti-British and anti-foreign passions running high, and with a billion dollars' worth of property to be looted—we have a massive charge of nitroglycerin which the faintest spark would explode with terrific damage. Ninety per cent of the million and a half Chinese in Shanghai live in abject poverty, and the glaring contrast with the prosperous and often arrogant foreigner has grated on the sensibilities of the Chinese so long that they are yearning for the opportunity to let loose. There is little chance that the British will withdraw their troops. They feel they are needed for the protection of their immense interests in Shanghai. Besides, the British have so frequently been humbled by the Chinese in the last few weeks that they could hardly be expected to swallow this last bitter pill of

evacuating Shanghai and leaving their people and property to the mercy of the defeated northerners and approaching southerners.

If Shanghai breaks loose, what will happen in the rest of the country? As De Korne recently stated in a letter, "At this time it urgently behooves us to be sure our hearts are right before God."

Here in Nanking we notice no fear on the part of the foreign population. Work is going on as though conditions were normal. There is much talk about international conditions, but apparently very little apprehension regarding personal safety. We do all have an earnest desire to have things come to a head, so that we may know where we are at.

March 6th, 1927.

Receipt of another urgent telegram from Jukao, together with the statement made by Consul Davis of Nanking that he would not forbid the women to return to Jukao for a meeting, led them to the decision to return on Tuesday, February 22nd. Only Miss Kalsbeek and Mrs. De Korne were to go, however. It was deemed best to have Mrs. Smit remain here because of her child Eunice. It would be particularly difficult to take care of children in Jukao in case of danger.

Selles and I accompanied the two women. We made the five-mile trip from our home to the boat dock in one of Nanking's famous little carriages pulled by a little Chinese pony.

Along the river front we saw a bit of tragedy often experienced by the lower-class Chinese during these days of turmoil. There were a lot of army blankets and clothing piled up on the shore, all of

which had to be carried to another part of town. Some soldiers were standing nearby and they were forcing rickshaw coolies to pile the stuff in their rigs and pull it to its destination. This would not be so bad if the coolies were paid a decent wage for it, but after a long hard run they are often compelled to leave without a cent, or with a disgracefully small amount. This is serious for these men who can only earn just enough to live even under favorable conditions. Some of the rickshaw men saw the trap in time and managed to swing off before reaching the pile of goods. Others were too close to the soldiers and were grabbed by the collar and put to work.

We waited only a short time when a Japanese river boat tied to its pier. Getting on this boat was a battle royal. It was loaded down with Chinese. Many of these wanted to get off at Nanking and they were piling over the side of the boat like a lot of rats. Another large number, loaded down with baskets and boxes, wanted to get on, and tried to do so before the others had opportunity to get off. In business college I was taught that "Push" was an admirable thing to have. Well, if you ever have the opportunity of traveling on a Yangtze River boat, you will agree with me that the Chinese have plenty of it.

This boat has three decks to it. The two lower decks are like pig pens—jammed full. Chinese can travel two hundred miles on these decks for a dollar. They must provide their own food and bedding. Fortunately the top deck is reserved for first class passengers—Chinese and foreign. Meals are served by the company for these passengers, and they are provided with cabins. Travel on this deck is not half bad.

This upper deck was guarded as though it were

a battleship. Heavy plates of steel were set up on both sides of the ship, and at the bridge this was further re-inforced with barricades of sandbags. These are, of course, erected to protect the officers and passengers from shots by Chinese along the river banks trying out their rifles on passing steamers.

We noted seven war vessels in the river at Nanking. The largest of these was a grim, grey British cruiser, H. M. S. "Emerald." This is indeed a formidable ship, well supplied with heavy guns. America has only one small boat on duty—a torpedo boat. The other five boats were small Japanese torpedo boats. We noted with satisfaction that these war vessels were equipped with wireless. The Chinese telegraph system is very independable, and its use might at any time be denied the foreigners,—but they can't stop the wireless messages sent from the warships.

The trip down the river was interesting. We started at twelve noon, and thus had six hours of sightseeing. The water was much lower than last September, when we came to Nanking. Then great stretches of the shore were covered with water, but the river was now confined well to within its banks. On the flat lands adjoining the river numerous temporary reed huts had been erected by the Chinese. This is done each year. They get flooded out in the summer and rebuilt in the winter.

Some forty miles from Nanking we passed what might be called a "hunter's paradise." We noticed long, black streaks in the water and thought at first that they were sandbars with vegetation growing on top. However, some parts of these "islands" began to fly, and then we noticed that they were enormous numbers of ducks. I tried to estimate how many

there were. It seemed to me there must have been ten thousand of them. Only once before have I seen anything like this, and that was on a forlorn little lake in Idaho. But the ducks there numbered hundreds rather than thousands, as here.

Chinkiang is the only large town between Nanking and our destination. We stopped for about a half hour at that town. Here the Chinese went their Nanking compatriots one better. Instead of waiting for the boat to dock, small vessels clustered around the river boat to receive and discharge passengers. It surely was dangerous business, and when the big boat slid along its pier the little fellows had to do some quick work to avoid being crushed. The Chinkiang foreigners are also protected by their governments. America, Britain, and Japan—each has one torpedo boat there.

We neared our destination at three o'clock in the morning. It was very dark and cold. Way off to the shore we could see a few lights bobbing on the water. These slowly came closer, and after what seemed an interminable wait we were able to outline the flat-bottomed boat which was to take us to shore. How happy we were when we observed that De Korne and Smit were on it to welcome us. We quickly reached shore, from where two noisy Fords hustled us to Jukao.

The Jukao mission work was a bit upset owing to difficulties arising from differences in salaries paid the evangelists. Up to the present there was no unanimity as to the amount to be paid the native evangelists. Each of the foreign missionaries paid his man what he thought best. That would work out all right in America, but not in China, where the people are intensely jealous of each other, and as a result there was constant dissatisfaction. Our mis-

sionaries realized the need of a uniform schedule and set about to prepare one.

In making this schedule two principles were considered. One was to use the western standard and pay the men with western liberality; the other, to give them a wage which would enable them to live comfortably, Chinese style, and yet would not be so high as to make it impossible for the Chinese themselves to pay the salaries when churches are established in Jukao. After much deliberation it was finally decided to pay the men a little more than the average evangelist of their type was receiving in other denominations. This would still be low enough to enable the Chinese church members to pay their ministers' salaries when ready for it.

However, this did not please the evangelists at all, and they immediately declared they would strike. Not another sermon would they preach, not another Bible class would be taught, until the board came across with marked increases! A preachers' strike! Can you imagine that in America?

One evangelist was persuaded to stay, but the others were informed that their "resignations" were accepted. They held a farewell service and made some caustic remarks about our missionaries.

Eight or nine of the inquirers sided with the striking evangelists and started a method of procedure which reminded me very much of the Sioux Center and Eastern Avenue stories, when bitterness in those places was running high, and it made me feel again very keenly that, after all, our human race everywhere is pretty much alike.

Rev. De Korne was regarded the chief exponent of the new schedule, and the shafts of bitterness were directed chiefly toward him. He was threatened with severe beatings, with being driven from

town, with death, and warned not to come to his mission chapel. He was called a dog and a devil—by mail. One letter classified the missionaries. De Korne was called the big devil, Beelzebub, I suppose. Revs. Huizenga and S. A. Dykstra were somewhat better—middle class. Smit and Harry Dykstra were called good men. Fortunately, De Korne did not allow himself to be frightened by these threats, and continued his work as usual. No harm at all has come to him. Mr. Smit did a little detective work to find out who wrote the letters, and since then three suspects have fled from town.

One letter was written which might have done dreadful damage. This was directed to the principal of Jukao's high school. He was called the usual "dog" and "devil" names, and threatened with dire consequences if he did not cease his opposition to Christianity in Jukao. The letter was signed with De Korne's name, and to make it more convincing one of De Korne's New Year's greetings, printed with his name, and used during the holiday season as greetings to the inquirers, was included with the letter to the principal. Thank God, the principal proved to be a sensible and friendly man. He promptly called on De Korne and asked him what it all meant. He was soon convinced that the letter was a forgery and that our missionaries entertained only the friendliest feelings toward him and other educators in Jukao. Imagine what would have happened if the principal had posted this letter on the bulletin board in his school! Or had it printed in the local newspapers for absorption by the gullible Chinese!

The Jukao mission force is not unduly alarmed by these conditions. This is only one of the problems which missionaries must constantly face. Here

again, time will probably prove to be the best healer.

The spirit of the Chinese in Jukao in general toward the foreigners is very good. Inquirers are the only ones who have been causing trouble. The rest of the people continue to show the friendliest feeling, which is indeed a hopeful sign for the future.

We could remain in Jukao only a few days, as our school work was calling us back to Nanking. In spite of the consul's advice to return to Nanking, Miss Kalsbeek and Mrs. De Korne decided to remain a while longer in the quiet town of Jukao. Miss Kalsbeek is as deeply infatuated with her work and Chinese associates as a sixteen-year-old lad thinks he is with his first girl, and it is like tearing out her heart to make her leave Jukao. Mrs. De Korne is very eager to strengthen her husband during the present difficult days. I am afraid, however, it will not be long before both women have to return to a river port.

Selles and I were escorted by Smit's teacher to Nantungchow. This Chinese gentleman is very clever. He also speaks a little English and is an ideal companion for traveling in China.

After a wait of five hours along the majestic Yangtze we could see three river steamers approaching from Shanghai. The first was Japanese, the other two were British. We entered the flat-bottomed boat with a large number of Chinese and were rowed toward midstream.

Just before our boat left shore we noticed a procession coming to the river front and then entering another large flat-bottomed boat adjoining ours. The central figure of the procession was a very old, grey-haired and whiskered Chinese gentleman. He was not one of these fat, dull officials we occasionally see, but a slender figure, with a kindly, dignified

face. He made me think of Professor Ten Hoor. A platoon of soldiers escorted him and also about twenty police. When he reached the flat-bottomed boat a long string of firecrackers was ignited and created a lot of racket.

In this again we noticed a difference between the East and West. In the West the old men are gently but positively set aside, but in China the old man is the man of value and the one to be honored. We were told that the gentleman in question is the first man in Nantungchow and greatly honored by his townsmen.

After another pushing battle with the Chinese we finally got aboard and up on the top deck. Unfortunately we could get no cabin, but we passed a fairly comfortable night on benches in the dining room.

The national condition in China is still critical—perhaps more so than ever. While in Jukao we heard very little about national conditions because mail service was so exceedingly poor, and the newspapers were held up for four or five days. Upon arrival in Nanking we learned that the general strike in Shanghai had been broken by high-handed methods. According to reports, the Chinese officials in Shanghai had given orders to their police force and soldiery to kill any man using incendiary speech or handing out such literature. These men were not even arrested. Their heads were cut off on the spot and stuck up on bamboo poles. This action would be in accordance with old Chinese customs, but if the stories are true, I shudder to think of what the consequences may be. You may be able to choke down the mass of people for a while that way, but their turn is bound to come. So often during these days I have thought of the French Revolution. The

“common people”—the millions of down-trodden Chinese—have indeed much in common with the French peasants clamoring for bread at the doors of the rich Parisians. The sword may quiet them for a while, but when they gain the upper hand their vengeance may be grievous.

It looks as though there will very soon be a “show down” between the North and South. Minor war lords have been eliminated and it will now be a struggle between Chang Tso Lin and Chiang Kai Shek. The field of battle is to be on a line between Nanking and Shanghai. A desperate attempt is being made by Chang to hold the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. If that is cut, his main artery of supplies will have been severed, and that would undoubtedly spell his defeat. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have come pouring down from the North. Nanking is crowded with them. They have their armored railroad cars too, and these have been put into service on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway. The southerners are rapidly approaching the railroad, and we feel sure that they will soon be successful in cutting it. Passenger service is very poor on this road now.

Foreign troops are being landed in increasingly large numbers in Shanghai. A very formidable army is now there to protect the 40,000 foreigners and billion dollars’ worth of property. Brigadier General Butler has been sent by the States to command our marines. He is known as a rigorous disciplinarian, and that surely is the type of man needed right now to hold the soldiers in check in Shanghai.

Letters just received from America show that our folks are much worried about us here. We feel there is no reason for that at all. Here again the old adage, “No news is good news” should be taken to heart. You may rest assured that if anything serious

happens to anyone of our force, the cost of a cablegram will not deter us from letting our folks at home know about it immediately.

We are all well. Little Yvonne is the picture of health. It is a joy to see her toddle all over the floor with her wide breeches sticking out on both sides like a couple of sails. She is getting more teeth, but this does not seem to cause her any pain. Her disposition remains admirable.

Language school work is continuing as usual.

The seminary clinic is much busier since the students have returned from their vacations.

Friday evening I was invited to a social gathering of the pre-medical students of the University of Nanking. Their club has increased in numbers to sixteen now.

March 7th, 1927.

Northern troops are pouring by the thousands into Nanking. A newspaper received this morning from Shanghai states that the southerners are within six miles of Soochow and that at any time now the Shanghai-Nanking Railway may be cut. Chang Tso Lin is making a desperate attempt to hold this railroad intact.

The northern soldiers are using high-handed methods on the street. Our Chinese teachers are afraid to meet the soldiers on the street for fear of being impressed into service. Just an hour ago my teacher told me that he and others were constantly on the watch for soldiers when walking on the street. If they see one coming they hasten down an alley. It seems that no type of Chinese is respected. The fact that they are teachers does not stop the soldiers

from seizing them and making them do coolie work. Our teacher told of a high school principal seized by these soldiers. He told them who he was, but the reply came, "That's what you used to be. You're a coolie now." The Chinese of Nanking are filled with terror.

The soldiers are entering the town in a fairly orderly manner. But if they are defeated by the southerners, we may expect looting, burning, and killing here. Defeated soldiers have regularly done it in the past, and these hard-boiled northerners may be expected to do it with a vengeance now.

Al Smit talked with Consul Davis this morning about the possibility of Mrs. Smit going back to Jukao with him. The consul vigorously opposed the idea and said they should rather go to Shanghai, as even Nanking is now not very safe. He suggested that within the next few days the foreigners may also be ordered out of Nanking.

Smit plans to return to Jukao tomorrow and send Mrs. De Korne and Miss Kalsbeek back here, or to Shanghai.

March 10th, 1927.

Things are beginning to get a bit rough in this town. Soldiers are still entering Nanking from the north by thousands. The Chinese say 20,000 soldiers are coming in daily. They are a rough lot. Chinese are being seized right and left and forced to do menial service for the soldiers. If a civilian happens to have an umbrella, cane, or other object that looks good to the soldiers, the latter promptly "borrow" it. They have also been entering stores and seizing some things, although there has been no gen-

eral looting as yet. Another thing that gives the storekeepers great grief is that these soldiers come in with money in bills of half value, and demand full value bills in change. Ricksha men are particularly fearful of these soldiers. When they see them coming they duck into a side street or beg a passing civilian to enter the ricksha free of charge, so that there will not be such a strong temptation to the soldier to impress the ricksha coolie.

Yesterday I spent a couple of hours sightseeing. First of all to the drum tower, perhaps the highest point of vantage in town. The roof of this was guarded by two policemen, but they did not stop my comrade and myself from viewing the town from this roof. A very fine view of the city and its surrounding hills was obtained, but nothing of any particular note observed.

From the Drum Tower we rode in rickshaws through "Bemenshau" to Waupilo, to South City. Many single soldiers were met on the streets, but no large group. We passed one Execution Squad. Six of the men carried rifles and two heavy ancient knives on handles about four feet long, and carried in sheaths on the soldiers' backs. They had no prisoner with them.

We also met a finely dressed Russian officer. Quite a few Russians are in Chang's army. These are used among other things to man the armored trains which Chang has on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway.

The shopkeepers are making an effort to conceal, rather than advertise their wares. Almost every shop is boarded up tight excepting for a small door through which customers can pass. If general looting should start, this door could be promptly closed, and thus some resistance offered to the marauders.

However, it is not likely that the one-inch boards would stop the soldiers. A few years ago a defeated army was given leave by its commander to loot Nanking for three days, and they did it with a vengeance. Clothes, blankets, bedding, houseware — almost everything was taken. Many stores were first looted and then set on fire. The charred remains of some of these stores can still be seen in South City. If it were not for these repeated lootings Nanking would have many fine buildings and stores. As it is, men of wealth are afraid to invest their money to any large extent in such undertakings.

Last night a man came to our doors and handed us the following letter:

“At the suggestion of the American Consul, and with his full approval, the committee whom you appointed September 5, 1924, are issuing the following statement and plans for getting Americans out of the city quickly, and, we trust, safely, in case of need. It will be understood, of course, that there is no crisis or known danger impending. These plans are made simply to have a well considered and possible way of meeting a bad situation in case it should arise. We trust no one will be alarmed by these statements.

“It is the urgent desire and request of the American Consul and the Senior American Naval Officer that all women and children should leave the city if requested to do so. Your committee very clearly believes that all American women and children should heed this call, should it come. The foreign men who stay would do all possible to protect Chinese women and children and mission property. The presence of foreign women might make this more difficult, and it would inevitably embarrass the

consuls and the naval authorities. We trust all women will definitely purpose to leave if asked to do so.

"It is the plan to have all Americans in the city concentrate at the University (Drum Tower), where it is hoped one officer and fifteen sailors can be in charge, and from there have



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NANKING

This University is located on a beautiful campus. Its buildings and equipment are of the finest. Many of the leading Chinese owe a great debt of gratitude to this University for the training that they have received. It was in a building adjoining the one shown above and almost identically like it, into the attic of which the 155 foreigners gathered during the taking of Nanking on March 24, 1927, and where they were huddled together all day and night until rescued by British and American sailors.

Americans brought down (probably in small groups) by the American Consulate and through the new city gate to some point in Hsiakwan, where they could be embarked.

"Obviously it would not be possible to take anything beyond the most necessary things, say in suitcases. Among the necessities carried in case of evacuation should be included blankets and some food.

"It will not be permitted to take Chinese with the Americans evacuated, for obvious reasons.

“Should any one know of any Americans who have been omitted from the list, please report to the first-named leader in your section at once. Language students and other Americans who have recently joined the community are in all cases included in the section of their hosts or of their neighbors. It is hoped that all will be able to accept the assignment suggested, in order to avoid confusion and in the interests of the convenience of all concerned.

Cordially yours,

(Signed) A. J. BOWEN.

We are in section IX and are instructed to meet in the language school compound where we live. From this place the leaders of our group will take us to the Drum Tower.

There has been a lot of packing done in the last few days. Meig's Hall girls are putting the things they want to take along in grips or a small cory, and other valuables in strong trunks, which are being carried to the attic of their dormitory, in the hope that when the looting occurs they may be overlooked or discourage the looters owing to their strength.

Many think that we shall be ordered out very soon. One old missionary family has already left. It is hard for me to believe, however, that anything drastic will soon occur.

There seems to be a lull in the fighting now. Wuhu has gone “red” without a fight and is now occupied by southern soldiers. Chang Tso Lin appears to have a very strong army here at the present time, and it looks as though he may be able to hold his own in this part of the country.

Possibly, the northern and southern factions will come to an agreement without fighting. Chang Tso Lin says he is ready to work with the South for a

unified and free China if they will discard the "left wing"—the rabid red element in their party. Chiang Kai Shek, the leader of the South, has just made public a statement that Communism will not fit in China at all and he doesn't want it. He also urges very strongly great consideration be shown to the foreigners in China. This certainly is an "about face" for him, and foreigners are puzzled as to whether this is a diplomatic trick or genuine.

Reports state that in the southern ranks considerable dissension exists between the fairly conservative "right wing" and the rabid "left wing."

Eugene Chen has sent Tael \$40,000 to repay the British for their losses in the Kiukiang riots. Which is a strong hint to make detailed inventories at this time. We have all our goods listed.

March 14th, 1927.

Many Americans, particularly women and children, are leaving Nanking for Shanghai. This is largely in response to the following communication received two days ago from the local American Consul:

"As you are all aware, the recent politico-military developments in this section have created a situation which may possibly produce disorders such as would endanger Americans and thus render necessary their evacuation from this city. While every effort is being made to keep fully informed of the trend of military events, in order that evacuation, if made, can be effected well in advance of actual disturbances, it is quite possible that some crisis may develop suddenly and without warning, thus necessitating the withdrawal of Americans under condi-

tions of haste and strain. Moreover, at best, mass evacuation is inevitably attended by hardship and discomfort, owing to the necessity of crowding large numbers of people into small accommodations, and the impossibility of permitting them to carry baggage or servants with them.

"In view of this situation I would advise that the following steps be now taken, both to minimize the possibility of danger and to lessen the difficulties of a general evacuation should such a step become necessary:

"1. That American women and children now leave those outlying stations from which departure would be difficult in a time of crisis.

"2. That Chinese young women and girls in colleges and schools operated by American missions be sent home, so as to have them safely out of the way in case disorders should occur.

"3. That those Americans in Nanking who are in advanced years, or who because of infirmity or ill health could not stand exposure, hardship, and stress of excitement, and those to whom passing through a period of looting or disorder would probably cause a serious nervous shock, now proceed to Shanghai.

"4. That those American women and children for whose continued presence in Nanking there exists no pressing necessity, and who can secure suitable accommodations in Shanghai without financial or other hardship, now proceed to that city while they can do so with comparative comfort and ability to take sufficient baggage for their needs. Such a step would not only prevent their own possible discomfort later on, but by lessening the number left in this city, would reduce the difficulties of those who can-

not leave with equal facility, should a general evacuation later become necessary.

"5. That so far as possible American women avoid going on the more frequented streets, where soldiers are likely to be encountered, unless accompanied by foreign men, and that in general special efforts be made by all Americans to avoid putting themselves in situations in which annoyance by soldiers would be possible.

"I would especially request that Americans equally avoid unreasoning pessimism or panic on the one hand, and on the other the minimizing or disregarding of the very real possibilities of danger which undoubtedly exist.

"In conclusion I wish to express my appreciation for the spirit of confidence and co-operation which has been so generally manifested and which tends to lessen very materially the difficulties confronting this Consulate.

"Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) JOHN K. DAVIS,
American Consul."

Addressed to—"The Heads or Local Representatives of American Missions in Nanking."

Revs. De Korne, De Vries, and Miss Kalsbeek left for Shanghai this morning. They will endeavor to rent a large house there which will serve as a refuge for our Christian Reformed missionaries. Just as soon as such a place has been obtained, Mrs. Smit and her daughter Eunice, and Ollie with Yvonne, will go to Shanghai. Mrs. Kamps and Mrs. De Vries may also go. I think the rest of us will remain here at language school until forced to leave. If such a house is obtained, we shall also send a few trunkfuls of valuables to Shanghai.

Reports, apparently authentic, were current in Nanking today that the Tientsin-Pukow Railway and

also the Shanghai-Nanking Railway had been cut. If this is the result of sorties by the southerners it will not mean much, as the roads will be repaired quickly. If the southerners actually have permanent possession of sections of these railroads it will mean that they have won out for the possession of China. No mail came through today from Shanghai. It will probably be forwarded by boat.

Our Chinese teacher told us that pistols, rifles, and ammunition have been found at Southeastern University (non-Christian Chinese government school). As a result all school work there has been discontinued by order of the military authorities, students under suspicion put under guard, and others sent home. He also told us that school work at the local Christian University had been discontinued.

This afternoon I stopped at a few stores on our main street. Every store of any significance is boarded up. The owners are in a state of terror. They are already subject to extortion, and they fear the dreadful general looting which may occur within the next few days. They well remember authentic stories of past lootings when the children of the rich were brutally tortured and even murdered while the parents looked on, in an effort to make the rich yield the last penny they had hid.

Some Details Preceding the Nanking Outrages, as told by Edwin Marx

“On Monday afternoon, March 21st, Nanking residents heard the first sounds of the battle which they knew had been raging near the city for days.

Listeners on Wu Tai Shan hills near Hillcrest School could smell the smoke blown over the walls from Han Six Men. Some scores, or perhaps hundreds, of foreign women and children, in anticipation of a siege or the fall of the city and scenes of violence and confusion which would likely accompany either event, had already left. Those remaining had been organized according to definite plans for evacuation in case of emergency. About dark the messenger for our section arrived at the door: "The consul's instructions are for women and children to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The order may come at any time during the night or it may not be till morning'."

We slept with clothes on, and hand baggage packed. At five A. M. the door bell rang. Another messenger—one of the foreign men—"I'm doing the Paul Revere stuff," he explained. "The women and children will gather at the appointed place near the University at once. They will be conveyed by automobiles to the river. The first load will leave at six o'clock."

Between then and eleven that morning, one hundred and five women, sixty-five children, and four men were conveyed aboard ships in the port at Hsia Kwan. There remained of Americans about sixty men, forty women, and twenty children in the city.

During Tuesday and Wednesday nothing of further moment occurred. The fighting continued intermittently through the daytime and furiously during Tuesday night.

Here I insert for the benefit of my readers the very vivid description of

**THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AT THE FALL OF
NANKING**

by Edwin Marx

Secretary of the Christian Church Mission in China

Boom! Put, put, put, put, put,—*Boom*, Boom!!!

On Monday afternoon, March 21st, Nanking residents heard the first sounds of the battle which they knew had been raging near the city for days. Listeners on Wu Tai Shan hills near Hillcrest School could smell the smoke blown over the walls from Han Si Men. Some scores, or perhaps hundreds of foreign women and children, in anticipation of a siege or the fall of the city and scenes of violence and confusion which would likely accompany either event, had already left. Those remaining had been organized according to definite plans for evacuation in case of emergency. About dark the messenger for our section arrived at the door: "The consul's instructions are for the women and children to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The order may come any time during the night, or it may not be till morning."

We slept with clothes on and hand baggage packed. At five A. M. the door bell rang. Another messenger,—one of the foreign men: "I'm doing the Paul Revere stuff," he explained. "The women and children will gather at the appointed place near the University at once. They will be conveyed by automobiles to the river. The first load will leave at six o'clock."

Between then and eleven that morning, one hundred and five women, sixty-five children, and four men were conveyed aboard ships in the port at Hsia

Kwan. There remained of Americans about sixty men, forty women, and twenty children in the city.

During Tuesday and Wednesday nothing of further moment occurred. Firing continued intermittently through the daytime and furiously during Tuesday night. Wednesday noon reports intimated that the northerners would make a stand inside the city, and we were prepared for a siege. But late in the afternoon squads of northern soldiers appeared in the streets without arms, headed toward the river; then more, and still more, till the main thoroughfares were choked with them from wall to wall. The northern army was in full retreat. The grey-clad stream of men flowing toward the river continued through most of the night, but so quiet were they that, though our house was on the principal road and within a few yards of the fleeing throng, we were able to lie down and sleep with comparatively little interruption; though naturally we were on the *qui vive* for shooting or other sounds that would indicate a change in the situation.

The Fatal March 24th

At daybreak all was quiet and the streets in our section were deserted. Presently troops of soldiers on horse and on foot appeared passing along our road with Nationalist flags. Shooting began, but we thought nothing of it, for we had been told considerable firing would take place as a signal that the Nationalists were in possession of the city. We thought the worst was over, as the northerners were apparently out and the southerners were in, and no fighting had taken place in the city. Now there would be no occasion for any. We had all been warned to keep off the streets. I went down to our front gate and seeing a neighbor who was a cordial

friend and who was in touch with events, I asked him the state of affairs. He replied, "The southern troops are in control. Everything is all right now."

We soon saw that if things were all right, the people did not realize it. They were running here and there, hiding around corners, and apparently under great excitement. Repeatedly we would hear a volley of shots and see a crowd of people scurry from one hiding place to another. In one such group we saw a policeman in uniform making his get-away as industriously as the others. Up to this time we thought the soldiers were firing merely to intimidate the people and impress upon them the need of submission to the new authorities. But gradually the evidence emerged that something else was going on. People appeared everywhere laden with articles of clothing, bedding, food, household furniture—anything of value and some of no value, that was portable. Two men went down the road bearing a stove. A boy lugged two screen doors. What were they up to? I supposed the customary panic at sound of firing had seized the people, and whether or not they had reason for fear, they believed their possessions were in danger and were fleeing with whatever they could lay their hands on, even though they had no safe place to go.

Then suddenly our servants burst in with the word that foreign houses were being looted, and that Dr. Williams had been killed. They had no proof for any of their disquieting statements, only "People say." I told them to calm themselves, and not to believe such things without reasonable evidence. Meantime we prepared and ate breakfast, and made a show of keeping normalcy about our premises. As it was unwise to appear on the street, or even to send a messenger with notes, we knew nothing of what

our neighbors were experiencing, or what was happening in the city, except what we could see from our own windows.

About 9:30 a servant came running, breathless, and said, "Quick! Soldiers are at the back gate demanding entrance!" I took one intense moment to decide whether to keep Mrs. Marx in the house and try to conceal her, or to send her out of the compound. The servants had urged that she be locked in a room, but I knew that was futile. Acting on impulse I hurried her to the gate on the main road and sent her flying toward the gate of the Girls' Middle School, about a hundred yards down the road and on the opposite side. Fortunately that space was clear of soldiers at the moment, and as soon as she reached the gate she was seized by friends who conveyed her at once to a place of concealment.

I turned back into our yard just as the soldiers and mob entered our rear gate. In a few seconds they rifled all my pockets and were demanding more money at the points of several rifles. I told them I had no more, but they might search anywhere in the house if they thought they could find any. There was no need to tell them; they were already doing it. In a few minutes' time the house was topsyturvy from ground to attic. The soldiers were quite sure they did not want anything but money. Even some table silver, a few pieces of which were at hand, did not attract them. "Money or your life" was their slogan. But the rest of the mob,—I don't know yet whether they were the dregs of the population who lived in our city, or were camp-followers who had come in with the army, probably both,—these were not fastidious. They took everything that came to hand and carried away till the house was as bare inside as a last year's bird's nest. We heard

afterward that in some places (for the same scenes were being enacted at every foreign place in the city) they even tore up floors, carried away doors and windows, and stripped off iron roofing.

I surely wish there had been a dictaphone in the house that morning capable of recording all that was said. I know I can't remember it all. I would like to know how many times they threatened to kill me, not only as a means of seeking to extort more money—that wasn't the most blood-chilling part of the experience, for one knows that as long as they really are doing it to secure money they may refrain from committing the extreme act, lest they defeat their own purpose—but even more disconcerting at the time was the matter-of-fact way in which they imparted the information that all foreigners had to be killed; there was absolutely no chance for any to escape. I believed they meant what they said, and I still believe that they meant it. I would like to know how many times I asked them why they wished to kill all foreigners—even after I had pretty thoroughly learned their answer. I really was puzzled to know what had caused this sudden outburst of fury. I had heard a day or two previous of some incident at Shanghai, and I thought that possibly the firing of the foreign troops on a mob trying to break into the Settlements had inspired this outbreak. But none of them mentioned any particular incident; they only gave the stock reasons that "all foreigners are imperialists, exploiters of China," and stated that British, Japanese, Americans, and French are all in the same class! They all had to be killed.

Interspersed with the moments of imminent danger were some in lighter vein. Some of the soldiers, especially the younger ones, were filled

with child-like curiosity about things in the foreign house. I don't know to how many I gave a lesson in the operation of the typewriter. One wanted a drink of tea, and when we offered him hot water, I had to take a drink before him to assure it wasn't poisoned. I remember two or three were friendly enough to joke with me, and we all laughed together, but I'm afraid I can't remember what the jokes were. I can recall in the shifting throng one or two who tried to encourage me and told me not to be afraid—I'd come out all right. But their voices were drowned in a debate over the question whether it was better to kill me in the house, or out in the yard. I remember trying to come to some conclusion in my own mind as to which would be better, if they should ask my opinion, but I haven't been able to decide yet. Above all, I should want the dictaphone to record what those two Chinese young men, Mr. Tung and Mr. Sie, said, when they came in and began pleading for my life. At the moment of their appearance I was ringed around with a half dozen rifles and a couple of bayonets again demanding, "Money or your life." Mr. Tung opened his coat, exposing his defenseless body as a pledge for me. He told them of my record as a helping friend of China and reminded them that my country, America, had always shown a friendly attitude toward the Chinese people. Thereupon they consented once more to let me go "for a financial consideration." Mr. Sie dashed out of the house and in a few moments returned with some money—I did not ask where he got it, nor how much it was—and without further ado the two young men hustled me out of the house and over to the Girls' School. Twice in the short distance on the main road between our gates soldiers pointed

their guns at me and threatened to shoot, but were stopped by the protests of the Chinese who had me in charge.

Concealment

I was ushered into the presence of the other foreigners in the school compound, who had been concealed since morning: Miss Lyon, Mrs. Gish, Mr. Plopper, Mr. Whipple, and Mrs. Marx, who joined them in the way mentioned above. They were in a small Chinese house at the extreme back of the compound. Presently the Chinese friends, who were guarding our place of concealment and steering away the soldiers who were searching the main buildings, came and informed us that we must be gotten to a more secure hiding place, "for," they said, "this place is not secluded enough, and you will not be safe if they find you, as they won't listen to reason." So they prepared us a place in the fuel house. The fuel consisted of bundles of the reeds called "lu chai," each bundle eight to ten feet long and as thick as a man's body. We climbed up on the top of the pile of fuel, and into a depression made by removing some bundles at the back, against the wall. Here, in a space barely large enough for the six of us to crouch, we spent the time from noon till dewy eve. Meanwhile, the rioting, looting of houses, firing of guns, and general confusion continued. We knew the search for us and other foreigners continued, for our friends who were guarding our hiding place were exceedingly wary, and in the tumult of voices that floated over the compound walls we could frequently hear the word "foreigners." Those who were ministering to us and trying to keep up our courage, had given this meager encouragement: "Some students have promised to

come for you after dark and escort you to the University. If they don't come we will think of a plan to get you out." While we trusted much to their faithfulness and resourcefulness, we could not help but feel it was a rather slim chance if our position was so precarious that we had to be clandestinely slipped out under cover of darkness, especially as we had to cross several main streets which were sure to be guarded by soldiers. And besides, what was the use of getting to the University if the army, which was in undisputed control of the city, not only refused to protect us, but was definitely against us. There could be no escape from that city of tremendous walls without the consent of the authorities. And the authorities were not protecting us. That they either were unwilling or unable to do so, was evident from what had already happened, and the sounds of pandemonium that were still in progress.

The Warships Speak

And then, suddenly, another sound broke over the raging city and silenced the tumult, as one may imagine the roar of a lion reverberating through a jungle subdues the chattering and screeching of lesser denizen. I wish it were possible with words to convey an adequate conception of that moment. With a roar that seemed to shake the foundations of the city, salvo after salvo of guns boomed from the river, four miles away. In a few seconds a shell was heard hurtling through the air above us; then crash! one exploded so close to us that a member of our party looking out through a crevice thought he saw pieces of the flying fragments. Perhaps he did, for we learned that the explosion was not further than two hundred yards from us. There were other reports of guns; how many we heard I would

not venture to say. Taken as we were by surprise, we forgot to count the shots, or to note the intervals between, or the total duration, until it was over. It was awe-inspiring in its effects. There was something so overwhelming about the roar of the guns and the bursting of the shells, that one could not find place for so petty a feeling as personal fear. The fate of a mere individual seemed of no consequence in the grip of such elemental forces—this was my reaction at the time. On the Chinese the effect was as if the crack of doom had sounded. The popping of rifles and clamor of voices was stilled instantly. The city, which had been a Bedlam since early morning, was as silent as a graveyard. Looking through an aperture in the wall of our hiding place, we could see a string of soldiers fleeing over the hills toward the open spaces to the east. Then we knew certainly what we had already surmised while the bombardment was in progress, that the sound of those guns, terrific and terrifying as it was, yet was a voice speaking to quell violence, and in behalf of peace and safety for those beleagured. I believe that the law-abiding Chinese also, whatever they may feel obliged to say in public, were glad in their hearts for the masterful voice of those guns that day. A foreign man who was in the local Kuo-mintang headquarters at Hsia Kwan when the firing occurred, said that as it started, members of that organization exclaimed, "Good! They ought to have done that sooner!"

In a few minutes after the firing stopped we heard bugles. We did not know what they signified, but learned later that this was the officers calling their men together and leading them away! And yet some reports have tried to blame the looting of that day on defeated northern soldiers!

We soon began to wonder what connection the cannonading might have with the possibility of our escaping; more especially when time passed—a half hour, an hour, two hours—and no change in our position. One of our faithful guardians had previously brought Chinese garments for each woman in our party, and now came with some for us men. These garments were to conceal our identity as nearly as they could when we were conducted through the streets.

Rescued

About eight o'clock they came with the welcome news that our waiting was over: our Chinese friends had located a friendly officer and he had guaranteed safe escort for us to the concentration point at the University where responsible troops would guard us from further attacks. As we went out under the open sky we could see it lighted up in various directions by the lurid glare of burning buildings—practically all of which we afterward learned were foreign property—the Nanking Theological Seminary, the Hillcrest School (for foreign children), and some ten or twelve missionary residences.

On the third floor of Bailie Hall (the College of Agriculture and Forestry) we found those who had managed in one way and another to reach that point of comparative protection. Not nearly all the community were there yet, and many were the anxious surmises as to the whereabouts or the possible fates of those still unaccounted for. A few more drifted in before midnight. Every new arrival was hailed with enthusiasm which can better be imagined than described; and as each contingent added its tale of experience, we realized that it was no superficial danger which had assailed the community. Not one

had been spared hair-breadth escapes, though of course some experiences had been more thrilling than others. They had hidden in Chinese huts, in attics, in cellars,—and every conceivable kind of place. Two men had been in a cistern for nine hours. Numerous ones while hidden had heard the searchers discussing how they would kill them when they found them. One man had repeatedly been requested to kneel and be publicly executed, and was with difficulty extricated. Another party was told by their protector, who had been seeking to extricate them, that he was finally convinced there was no possible hope of escaping for them,—and he wept bitterly as he told them. This was just before the firing from the warships. Soon after the firing took place he came back with a more hopeful message and the party of course was eventually saved.

One thing to which we all agreed as we exchanged experiences after getting together, was that we should never refer to the experiences of that day without paying tribute to the courage, faith, loyalty, and heroism of our Chinese friends. We are not sure but that dark day was worth all it cost in hardship and losses, for the sake of the treasures of manhood and womanhood it revealed. Time after time Chinese friends, from the humblest of the servants, to the most prominent leaders, risked their lives to save the foreigners. This was true of not only a few isolated cases; it was the universal experience.

On the part of the foreigners, it is not becoming perhaps to say too much, as they themselves would not wish to be eulogized. But for the sake of the inspiration that brave and exalted demeanor always begets in others, it would be well if the stories of personal conduct that day could be recorded. I believe that one reason many of the soldiers' hands

were restrained from killing, was that the calm attitude of the victims of their threats over-awed them. In spite of their violence and bluster, they stood a bit in respect of persons who were so totally unafraid of them; who instead of cringing and begging for life when threatened, quietly told them to do their worst and expected them to do it. One lady during the excitement sat and knitted as quietly as if at a tea party. One man whom they were attempting to tie, helped them to adjust the rope to his wrist. So far as I could learn, there was not a missionary that failed to "maintain the highest traditions of the service," and the consular and business representatives at the other end of the city did the same.

Evacuation

By noon, Friday, every member of the community that was known to be in the city was accounted for and negotiations were under way for the evacuation to ships in the river. We did not know until we were aboard the ships that evening, that all this time the consul and the naval officers aboard the warships were trying vainly to establish communications with some responsible military officers in the city—as we had also been trying without success to get messages through to the ships. It transpired that it was only after the foreign officers had delivered an emphatic ultimatum to the Chinese commander, that he agreed to provide a safe escort to the foreigners who were at the University. Late that afternoon the escort was provided and as dusk settled over the city the cavalcade of men, women, and children with the pathetically few belongings they had saved and could carry with them, wended their way to the river and went aboard the naval vessels.

March 25th, 1927.

Hell has broken loose in China. We expected things to develop gradually, but they have come on with unwonted suddenness and fury, and the place where we expected the least disturbance—our own quiet Nanking—has become the center of the greatest trouble.

Fortunately our Christian Reformed people were not caught in it. When the consular advice came last week for women and children, not needed in Nanking, to clear out, we made preparations to get Mrs. Pousma and Yvonne out to Shanghai.

Last week Thursday, March 17th, we left Nanking. With our party were Mrs. De Korne and her two boys, and Mrs. Smit with Eunice. On our way to the boat dock we began to appreciate some of the tenseness of the situation—the crowds of rude soldiers, the hard coolies, the general anticipation of trouble. We saw one soldier beat up a coolie because he would not work for him fast enough. Another man was being led to execution because of looting. The soldiers tried to commandeer our carriage, but failed. After many hours of waiting we managed to get on board a Japanese river boat with our baggage. We were also carrying a trunk each for De Vries, Kamps, and Selles, containing their choicest possessions. The coolies were impudent in their attitude toward us foreigners.

We arrived in Shanghai Friday evening. The boat docked on the opposite side of the river to where we wanted to go, and considerably upstream. The Chinese crowded so hard onto the steam launch which came to take us across, that we were not able to get on it ourselves. So we had to resort to a sampan rowed by three Chinese. This sampan was like

a very large rowboat. On it were piled all our baggage, and our entire party with a representative of the Missionary Home. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a good ride, but this happened to be a rainy night and all we had to protect ourselves was a Chinese oil paper umbrella. Fortunately this kept Ollie and the baby fairly dry also half of Mrs. De Korne. The rest of us had to take the water as it came. After a half hour we reached the Shanghai Bund and hastened in autos to the Missionary Home where we were able to dry out and get something to eat.

Things were quiet enough in Shanghai until Monday noon. Monday morning we had been downtown and saw the fourteen hundred American marines march. We just got back to the Missionary Home when the report was given out that there was a general strike on in the city. Post office closed, water shut off, street cars and busses discontinued service, practically all stores closed and boarded up or protected with gates of steel extending across the entire front of the store. Soon after we heard firing.

The Missionary Home is just two blocks from the edge of the International Settlement, and I hastened over to the boundary line to see what was doing. The British soldiers were right on the job. Masses of barbed wire had been strung across all the streets leading into the concession, and this barbed wire was made a stronger barrier by means of great piles of sand bags. Across some of these sand bags lay machine guns. At other places the British soldiers had rifles lying across them and were peering over the barrel ready to let go the moment danger threatened.

What a mad rush there was to get into the settlement! Chinese and foreigners alike came streaming

into the protected settlement with great bundles of baggage in almost every conceivable kind of conveyance. They had far more confidence in the battalions of British soldiery than in the strength of their own forces and the chivalry of their soldiers. Ambulances were also going back and forth. These were carrying wounded soldiers and civilians from the Chinese city, for which the northern and southern soldiers were fighting.



BARBED WIRE

In order to protect the Nationals from unruly Chinese mobs, Great Britain, France, and America sent large contingents of troops and a fleet of about forty warships to Shanghai. The International Settlement, which the Chinese have set aside for the use of foreigners, was completely blocked off from the surrounding Chinese territory by barbed wire and sand bags. Huge gates, such as you see here, were placed on important streets. It was at the gate pictured above that many of the Northern Chinese soldiers were killed when Shanghai was taken by the Southerners. The defeated Northern soldiers desired to enter the Settlement as they felt that they would be safe there. The British were willing to allow them to enter on condition that they would turn over the arms and ammunition. They were willing to do this, but the procedure was so slow that many of the Northern soldiers feared they would be killed by the attacking Southerners before they could enter the Settlement and so about 3000 of them stampeded and rushed pell-mell over the barbed wire into the Settlement. The British soldiers at the gate fell back a block or two where they brought machine guns into action and mowed down the charging Chinese. By this time the Northerners were greatly frightened and threw away their arms and ammunition and even some of their clothing. Thereupon firing ceased and the Chinese were taken prisoners. The rest of the afternoon ambulances were engaged in taking the dead and wounded away.

What is that screeching noise we hear from within the city of Shanghai! It is coming closer! The police and soldiers at the narrow gate between the concession and Chinese territory hastily clear the way, and then two huge armored cars rushed through. There were foreign families out there that needed protection, and the armored cars looked as though they could give it with their machine guns sticking out belligerently in front. Later we learned that the first of these was met with a murderous attack of machine gun fire less than a mile from where we were. Every soldier in the machine was wounded and the machine put out of business. It was towed back by another armored car.

The streets surged with Chinese. The British and Chinese police, together with the Indian Sikhs, were banging their way through the mobs with bamboo rods and batons, but found it almost impossible to keep the road fairly clear. The Chinese were belligerent and bitterly resented being beaten by the police. What if the mob spirit should lead them to attack the soldiers and police from the rear?

Every man entering the concession from outside was met by the point of the bayonet. The British desired no more armed Reds within the Concession. Every man that looked like a suspect was thoroughly searched for arms. If he had any they were taken from him and he was hustled off to jail.

On this first day of the strike and fight for possession of the Chinese city of Shanghai one British soldier, a Punjabi, was killed and a few others were wounded. Occasionally a shell was heard to explode in the Chinese city, and a big fire started there as a result of this shelling.

The next day the fighting continued. It was not a fight between two armies, but between civilian

guerillas in the upper stories of houses and the uniformed northern soldiers in the streets. In many instances innocent civilians were the ones to suffer, not only because of the fires, but also from direct shooting. I saw one young girl of about sixteen carried dead through the barbed wire to within the concession. At the same time another older woman was carried through in the same way, wounded, to be treated in a Shanghai hospital.

About four o'clock that afternoon we heard a great deal of firing very close to us. When we went to investigate we learned that the southern uniformed soldiers had entered the city and were engaging the northerners. Not many of the northern soldiers were left, and they wanted to enter the concession, where they knew they would be safe. They were permitted to do so after first being disarmed. However, this was a rather slow process and the northerners became panic stricken, as they thought they would be killed from the rear by the advancing southerners. Suddenly, as with one accord, they stormed the barbed wire barricades and into the streets of the concession. They had retained their arms and some began to shoot. The first few British soldiers fell back, but not far distant there were some more British, and they had a machine gun. The order was given to fire, and the bullets from machine gun and rifles began to tear up the northerners. The latter then realized their error and threw down their arms, their belts, and even the money in their pockets, begging for mercy. The firing immediately ceased, but only after about sixty had been killed and several hundred wounded. Some of the dead and wounded were still lying on the pavement when I got there. All the rest of the

afternoon ambulances were busy carrying the wounded to the hospitals.

The southerners are now in complete charge of Chinese Shanghai and are doing their best to obtain order there. The Red General has given orders for the strike to cease, but the laborers refuse to go back to work. They want more trouble. If they start anything within the concession they will meet with ruthless resistance, as the British are completely fed up on backing down for the Chinese, and they will take any measures necessary to protect their nationals and British property.

Not only the British are engaged in the defense of Shanghai. It is true that they are the only ones who were adequately prepared, and every foreigner in Shanghai owes an everlasting debt of gratitude to the foresight of the British government in sending real protection to this community in due time. I am afraid it would have gone hard with us had it not been for the 15,000 British soldiers with their thirty-five armored cars, machine guns, and cannon. The American marines were also landed and are now patrolling the streets of the American section of the city. The Japanese have a large force here, and are creating a great deal of favorable comment because of their soldierly behavior. Their people live in one of the most dangerous sections of the city, but they have excellent protection from these tough little Jap soldiers. The bridge at the post office is being guarded by Dutch marines. There are about sixty of these. I saw them march on the Bund, and they are a clever looking outfit. It stirred up my old Dutch blood to see them snap into it and march along. The commander was a sturdy man of about thirty-five, tall and straight, and he sure used some fine, peppy Noord Hollandsch in giving his com-

mands. His men are placed back of sandbag barricades on the important post office bridge. Grey machine guns have their muzzles pointing over the sand bags down North Szechuen Road.

Yesterday some more of our Nanking folks arrived, and my, how glad we were to see them! Revs. De Vries and Kamps with their wives arrived in



AMERICAN MARINES IN SHANGHAI

The United States was greatly criticized by other nations for being so slow about landing troops in China. The reason for this tardiness undoubtedly was that America wished to convince China that it had no desire at all to appropriate any of its territory or to interfere with its legitimate aspirations. American troops were landed only after Chinese authorities showed their inability to hold in check unruly elements, thus endangering the lives and property of American citizens legally located in China.

good spirits, after a crowded ride down the river, and are now comfortably located in rooms within the Settlement. Miss Bode is also safe and well in Shanghai. Rev. and Mrs. Selles were not able to get away so early. The last heard of them they were on an American gunboat off Nanking waiting for another boat to come along and take them with other refugees to Shanghai. That means that all of our

Nanking force are safe. The Huizenga family also arrived yesterday.

Only Revs. De Korne and Smit remain unheard from. They are in Jukao and we cannot get word to them. Telegraphic communications are cut. The radio is working, however, and we are hoping they will have received reports of conditions and get out as quickly as possible. The last report we had from Jukao was to the effect that there was perfect quiet there and no evidence of hostility.

Last night we heard alarming reports regarding Nanking, and these were confirmed by newspaper reports this morning. The northerners were compelled to evacuate Nanking, and as they did the looting expected occurred. Then a violent anti-foreign riot began. A British doctor was killed and the British consul wounded. The foreigners took refuge within the compound of the Standard Oil Co., on a hill in Nanking. The mob threatened to break through the barrier and murder them. However, officers on board the ships were watching events through field glasses, and gave order to fire. This was done by both American and British guns, a barrage of fire being laid around the foot of the hill. No accurate account of casualties is obtainable, but this morning's paper says that two thousand Chinese were killed. The mob was dispersed, marines landed, and the foreigners taken aboard the war-ships.

However, there were ninety men, forty women, and twenty-two children left behind somewhere in the city. About an hour ago I talked with Mr. Spyker, American Vice Consul in Shanghai, and he said that pandemonium was reigning in Nanking. The city was afire, a great deal of shooting was going on within and without the city, and the anti-foreign

feeling was intense. There is no knowledge whatever obtainable regarding the foreigners left behind.

We thank God that all our Christian Reformed folks got out in time. Selles has not yet arrived at Shanghai, but when last seen he was on board a United States destroyer and expected to come down the river to Shanghai soon. All of us feel that we have lost whatever property was left behind, as general looting started yesterday in Nanking. Each of us have a trunk full of our most valued possessions, but considerable property was left there.

We are now greatly worried about De Korne and Smit. They are the only two of our force unaccounted for. Telegraph wires are cut. Radio messages have repeatedly been sent out from Shanghai urging all Americans to make for Shanghai, but our missionaries have no receiving set. However, some Chinese in town do, and it is not unlikely that our men will get the message through them.

What next in China? God only knows. He has His plans and they shall not be thwarted. But from a human point of view things look desperate indeed.

April 1st, 1927.

The missing Nanking foreigners referred to in my last account of conditions in China have safely reached Shanghai, and the stories they tell of their experiences show what extremes of cruelty as well as heroism this enigmatical Chinese race is capable of. Let me record just a few of the things that I heard from survivors, and which I believe to be true.

Dr. P. F. Price, our very popular community pastor for Nanking and professor of theology in the Nanking Theological Seminary, went through a har-

rowing experience. Dr. Price is a grey-haired man of about sixty years of age, a Southern Presbyterian of the finest kind, a man who has spent a rich, full life in behalf of the Chinese people.

Dr. Price was in his home in the morning of Nanking's "Bloody Thursday." Suddenly a number of Cantonese soldiers appeared and demanded that he turn over to them his possessions. This was willingly done, and the house was thoroughly looted. They then took his coat and hat and demanded more money. He told them he had none, and then they began to prod him with bayonets and threatened to shoot him unless he turned over to them five hundred dollars. His servants and Chinese friends pleaded for his life, but the soldiers were adamant, and even made him get down on his knees, ready to execute him. They then beat him with sticks and with their rifles and seemed about to kill him. Then Dr. Price's Chinese friends, including some of his students, grappled with the soldiers and stopped them from continuing. However, the soldiers would not leave Dr. Price alone and tried other tactics to make him produce the money. They tortured him and threatened him for over seven hours, until it began to look as though there was no hope for him at all. The old man was just recovering from an attack of influenza which had kept him in bed for almost two weeks, and the strain must have been terrific. Finally his Chinese friends managed to scrape four hundred dollars together, and with this money they induced the soldiers to let their aged friend alone. One of his Chinese friends gave him a collar, another a coat, another put a dollar into his hand, and then they assisted him to a place of safety.

Dr. J. E. Williams, vice-president of the University of Nanking met his death quickly at the

hands of the Cantonese. The details of his death are not clear, but it appears that when the robbers came to his home he went outdoors to speak to them, and while doing so he was suddenly shot through the head.

Dr. Smith, a British customs doctor, was also killed. The soldiers first wanted his ring. It was rather tight around his finger and not easily removed. The soldiers became impatient and cut off his finger. He cried out with pain and was then ruthlessly shot dead.

One old American lady was paralyzed and could not get away quickly. The soldiers seized her and demanded her ring. She too found it difficult to remove, and the soldiers deliberately seized her hand to cut off the ring finger. However, Mr. Pickens, son-in-law of Dr. Samuel Zwemer, saw what they were about to do and persuaded them to wait until he had filed off the ring with a small file he happened to have in his pocket.

Mrs. Bates, wife of a University professor, was giving her baby a bath Thursday morning, when the soldiers entered her home. They not only robbed the house, but stole every article of her clothing excepting a single piece of underwear, and also took all the baby's clothes excepting a night shirt. They even took the baby's diaper and made off with it. They threatened to kill the baby, but the servants snatched it away and hid it. Later Mrs. Bates could not find the servants, and for three hours she did not see her baby and did not know what happened to it. She then recovered the youngster and fled in her scanty clothing to the attic of one of the university buildings, where the foreigners were congregating.

Mr. Dietrich, Rev. Kamp's landlord, had a narrow escape. He was having breakfast when the

soldiers entered his home. They promptly went to work, stole all his money, looted the place thoroughly, and then stripped Mr. Dietrich to the waist that they might have his clothing and whatever was in it. Rev. Kamp's trunks were locked, but the soldiers dragged them outdoors and then smashed into them with a huge rock. One of the Reds was delighted when he came across Mrs. Kamp's galoshes and proudly walked off with them stuffing around his ankles. Mr. Dietrich ran and crawled and walked to the city wall, which he managed to climb by means of a rope of bed sheets put there by people who had escaped before he did. Once over the wall he succeeded without much trouble in reaching a United States destroyer in the river.

Mr. Hobart, Standard Oil Co.'s representative in Nanking, also made use of this rope to get over the wall. However, he is a very heavy man, and while climbing down the rope broke and he landed with a broken leg.

Miss Anne Moffet, treasurer of the Northern Presbyterian Mission, and fellow student of Rev. De Korne at Hartford last summer, was shot twice by these Chinese Bolsheviks. They learned that she was treasurer of a mission and insisted upon large amounts of money. She handed them all she had—about a thousand dollars—but they insisted upon a great deal more, and when she again said she had not another penny to give, she was shot, one bullet entering her abdomen, another her leg. They then left her alone and she escaped with her life.

Miss Carol Davis, old Mrs. Mills, and Mr. Ehlman were in the language school compound on Bloody Thursday morning. The servants saw the danger and hid them under a Chinese bed in the gatehouse.

They spent hours under this bed, expecting at any moment to be dragged out and shot dead. Repeatedly the soldiers entered the gatehouse and asked, "Where are the foreigners?" Fortunately they made no thorough search of the gatehouse, and the foreigners remained undetected. There was a little hole in the wall of the building, and through this they could see the wanton soldiers and mob of civilians wreck our school, the girls' dormitory, and the cottage that we called our home for several months. Everything of any possible value was taken. Our trunks were dragged out and smashed to get them open. Books, furniture, curtains, window panes, window frames, doors, floors—everything was ripped to pieces and dragged out. When they got through with the buildings there was little more than brick and plaster left. Thursday evening, under cover of darkness, the foreigners escaped to Bailie Hall of the University, where they found about a hundred others who had fled for their lives.

Dr. Hutcheson, surgeon, and superintendent of Nanking General Hospital, escaped with his life by being buried under a pile of coal by his servants. For nine hours he lay there while the southerners were searching for him. They were particularly eager to get him as they thought they would be able to squeeze a lot of money out of such an important man.

The big hospital was also looted. Two of our fellow students were there with their babies, only a few days old. The soldiers did them no physical harm, but they stole the mothers' rings, glasses, and money, and then took all the babies' clothes. Friends then helped the mothers down to the warships.

A fine example of loyalty was demonstrated by the students of the Methodists' Girl School. Four

foreigners, including two of their teachers, were hidden in a rear attic room. Some of the girls then stationed themselves in an adjoining room and assured the foreigners that the only way the soldiers would ever enter the room where the foreigners were hid would be over the dead bodies of these girls. Fortunately another group of girls at the entrance to the building were able to talk the soldiers out of searching the place.

The principal of another girls' school escaped by being wrapped in a tarpaulin by her girls, who then sat on the roll and told the soldiers it was their luggage.

Taylor, one of our popular fellow students, little Englishman, had a narrow escape. He was seized by some of the Reds, a rope was slipped around his neck, and he was then taken into the yard to be hung. While the soldiers were busy with this they noticed another group of soldiers entering the house to loot, and being afraid that they might lose out, they left Taylor standing in the yard with the noose still about his neck, and ran into the house to share in the loot. Taylor lost no time in getting rid of the rope and hot-footing it to safety.

Dr. Trimmer, a missionary physician, escaped in a rather clever manner. He painted his face and hands with brilliant red mercurochrome, put on Chinese clothes, and acted like a loon. The superstitious Chinese didn't dare come anywhere near him.

While the Reds were looting Dr. Macklin's place, some of them noticed a number of trim, white boxes standing out in the yard. They ran over to these and broke the tops off, hoping to find something of real value. However, all they did was to uncover a

few thousand healthy bees, and these little fellows sure gave the soldiers a hot time for a while.

At one home, after the soldiers had looted the place, they wanted the women in charge to give them a check. She took her checkbook and asked them how many they wanted. They said they would take all of them, and so she handed them her checkbook, and they marched off thinking that they had obtained the richest haul of all.

The missing one hundred and fifty-two people that the Shanghai consul spoke of last Friday were in the attic of Bailie Hall of the University of Nanking. This place had been agreed upon as a rendezvous for the Americans who were not able to get out of the city in time. The southerners found them there, and while they did not kill anyone, they surely made life miserable for them. Everyone was searched for money or valuables, even women, right to the skin. The Reds terrorized them with their bayonets, and repeatedly shot into the floor and ceiling. Some Nanking Chinese sympathizers came to visit them and bring them some food, but they could do but little more. Some of them wept because of the grief brought to their missionary friends. University students went to Southern Headquarters and told the officers there that they had persistently been sympathizers to the nationalistic cause, but if Cantonese supremacy meant the slaughter and maltreatment of their best friends they were through with the whole business and would have nothing more to do with it. The Bailie Hall refugees were in constant fear of death, and when they heard the big guns of the British and American warships let loose on Thursday afternoon, they were sure they would be slaughtered. However, it had the opposite effect, and from that time on they were treated fairly well.

Friday morning an ultimatum was sent by the naval authorities to the southerners that unless the foreigners were handed over promptly Nanking would be blown up. This brought results, and soon the foreigners came trooping down to the river side.

The shelling of Socony Hill was observed by the *Selleses*. They were on board a United States destroyer when the firing began. According to the story that I heard, the Americans on Socony Hill were guarded by about eight sailors, a force entirely inadequate to meet the hundreds of southern soldiers and the fierce mob. Moreover, they were under strict orders not to fire. The southerners insolently demanded all their possessions, and even had taken a few guns and laid them aside. The sailors were in agony because of their compulsory inaction. At last things became so desperate that retreat was no longer possible. Consul Davis then gave the order to signal the ships for fire. A signaler climbed the roof of the Standard Oil Co.'s house and waved his signals to the ship. The Reds saw it and did their best to shoot him down, but were not successful. The signals were observed by officers on board the American destroyers and almost instantly a high explosive shell burst right next to the building. The sailors were delirious with joy, as that was their signal to begin to fight. They grasped their rifles and let the murdering Chinese have it. One of the sailors came back to the ship with half of his cartridge belt empty. Both the American destroyers and the British cruiser continued firing, and the Chinese were literally "scared stiff." They ran for their lives into any cover they could find, like a lot of frightened rats, and the foreigners were able to get to the ships without further molestation.

Practically every foreign house in town was

looted, even those of the American, British, and Japanese consuls. The houses were literally torn to pieces. Mrs. Huizenga had hid a trunk under a floor before she left Nanking, nailing the floor down over the trunk. However, the soldiers ripped up the floor and emptied the trunk. Several houses were burned. Our Christian Reformed group were fortunate in that we had each sent a trunkful of stuff to Shanghai before the trouble came, but even so we lost about a thousand dollars' worth of goods each. Even pianos were dragged out of the houses. They were then chopped up, and the wires and keys sold on the streets for a few coppers each. Hillcrest, the Christian School at Nanking for missionaries' children, was one of the buildings burned. Nine homes are reported to have been burned.

We received report today that the Chinese who assisted the missionaries in escaping were severely punished, and in some cases put to death, including the man who saved Dr. Price's life by obtaining the four hundred dollars for the soldiers. We have no confirmation of this, and I hate to believe it true. Certainly a severe anti-Christian movement is on foot in Nanking and other cities south of the Yangtze recently taken by the Reds.

As a result of the Nanking outrages all foreigners in the Yangtze Valley were ordered to Shanghai, and the refugees have been pouring into this city daily via passenger steamers and warships.

For several days we were greatly worried about Revs. De Korne and Smit. The last we had heard of them they were still in Jukao, but we were unable to get into touch with them. We telegraphed repeatedly without results. Apparently the wires were cut. No mail could reach them, for there were no passenger boats going up river to Nantungchow, Ju-

kao's port. Unfortunately our mission has no radio receiving set, and therefore the urgent call sent out repeatedly by the Shanghai consuls to leave inland stations could not reach our men.

Finally we prevailed upon the consuls to send a destroyer especially to get our men and the missionaries left in Nantungchow. Rev. S. A. Dykstra, Dr. Huizenga, and I were on board. We started at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon of this week and were off Nantungchow at six o'clock—a trip made by passenger steamers in about twelve hours. The big destroyer, the U. S. "Pilsbury" No. 227, Captain McCoy commanding, cut through the water like a racing boat.

A few miles this side of Nantungchow the sailors were given order to be ready to fire. The day before a battery of Chinese field guns had fired on a warship at this point, and our captain was determined to reply if they tried it this day. The big guns were loaded and aimed, and smaller machine guns were also set up, ready for action. To the keen disappointment of the sailors, however, no shot was fired from shore and the sailors lost an opportunity to have a fight.

As we approached our destination, the captain handed me a gun that looked like a sawed-off shotgun, but with a pistol stock. He also gave me some ten-gauge shells, some of which were red, and others green. He said if we got into trouble on land and wanted assistance, we should fire a red shell. This would flare in the air as a brilliant red rocket. He would have his men watching for the signals all night, and if the red rocket was seen he would fire shells from his biggest guns over the town. When we thought sufficient firing had been done, a green rocket should be fired, and the guns would imme-

diately cease. Before we landed, however, our committee of three decided that there was every likelihood of our being searched upon reaching shore, and that this signal gun would do us more harm than good. Moreover, the real danger would be between Nantungchow and Jukao, and that would be too far away for the guns to fire their shells, as the range of the destroyer's guns was only seven miles. Furthermore, the people who would suffer from the shooting would very likely be innocent farmers and not the ones threatening us. The captain then said that he would allow us a reasonable time to get back on board ship, and if we didn't arrive by that time, he would send an ultimatum to the town authorities to get us at once or suffer the consequences. We were also given a set of light signals in response to which the ship's launch would promptly come to shore to get us.

Upon reaching shore in the launch, we were met by at least twenty Chinese police. They plied us with all kinds of questions, but in the very friendliest manner. They particularly wanted to know why we came to their town with a warship and how soon it would again leave.

Our first job was to let the Nantungchow missionaries know that they had to get aboard ship. This was readily accomplished, although it grieved our hearts to find them sitting so comfortably in their homes and be compelled to tell them to pack their grips and get out at once.

We then telephoned to Jukao, about forty miles away, and soon had De Korne and Smit on the wire. They were surprised to hear the news regarding Nanking and Shanghai, but said they would get ready to leave immediately. However, all Jukao automobiles had been commandeered by the north-

ern troops, and it was up to us to find some kind of transportation by which we could get them from Jukao.

There were only two automobiles available in Nantungchow. The driver of one of these could not be bribed for any sum to make the dangerous trip to Jukao. There was too much danger of having his machine smashed or stolen by the northern soldiers. The other auto was owned by a friend of our mission, and he readily agreed to take us. His Ford was very ancient and the tires on it enough to make one weep. Before we started we bought him one new tire and had another repaired. This took a lot of time, and it was almost one o'clock in the morning before we were able to start. Dr. Huizenga was left behind to help the Nantungchow folks, while Rev. Dykstra and I went on to Jukao.

The first twenty miles were covered without much difficulty, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on finding things so peaceful. Suddenly, however, the headlights of the auto revealed a grey line in the distance. This was made up of about ten soldiers, standing side by side, so that the road was completely blocked. Four of them had drawn revolvers; the others stood ready with rifles and bayonets. We stopped, of course, and tried to hand them a line about being peaceful foreigners and being in a hurry to get back to our ship—but we might as well have been talking to the trees along the way. All ten of them promptly got on the machine. One fat one plunked right in my lap. A poke with my thumb convinced him that he wasn't very welcome there, but he remained plenty close for the rest of the journey. Another crowded into the front seat with his bayonet sticking out behind, and Dykstra had a hard time dodging the point of it as the

automobile bumped and swam through the muddy roads. A little farther we met some more soldiers who wanted a ride and insisted upon getting it. By this time there were nineteen or twenty people in our Lizzie. Four or five were on each running board, two between the front fenders and radiator hood, one hanging on to the spare tire rack, and another on the cloth top of our touring car. The wooden framework of the top began to crack, but only after vigorous protests and poking would the soldier there slide down to another position on a rear fender. The springs were bumping on the axles, and in view of the wretched muddy roads we told our Chinese driver he had better quit as we expected the machine to cave into a junk pile at any time. But his reply was, "Very slow we shall go," and fortunately his confidence in Henry Ford's product was not misplaced. If Henry could have seen us on that trip and had our picture taken, he would have had wonderful material to advertise his "car." Here was a machine which we thought at Nantungchow looked too decrepit to take the two of us to Jukao now dragging twenty men with guns and ammunition through deeply rutted mud roads. I don't understand it yet. We were both a bit apprehensive of what might happen. We were carrying about five hundred dollars with us for the Jukao people and expected that that as well as our other valuables would be stolen; probably the auto would be confiscated or smashed, as happened so frequently on previous occasions; and possibly physical injury might come to us. Dykstra eased my feelings somewhat when he remarked, "Well, at any rate we have the satisfaction of knowing that we are on the path of duty." But I'll admit it was an uncomfortable position to be in, three

o'clock in the morning with no white person within fifteen miles of us.

We dragged along as best we could for ten miles, when we reached Ding Yen, the small town in which our first Christian Reformed converts were baptized. Here we found a Chinese officer who after a bit of argument ordered the men off and out of the car. We were then able to travel quite a bit faster and reached the outskirts of Jukao about five A. M.



THE RESCUED MISSIONARIES

Not only Rev. De Korne and Rev. Smit were brought back to Shanghai, but also the four intelligent Chinese girls you see pictured above. These were Bible women and hospital employees of our Mission. They feared that there would be an anti-christian uprising in Jukao and that they would have to suffer because of their connection with our Mission, and therefore asked that they be taken along to Shanghai.

Dykstra ran to our missionaries' homes to notify them of our arrival, while the Chinese chauffeur and I guarded the auto. We were eager to start back as early as possible, as we wished to pass the last group of soldiers before it was time for them to start their day's march.

In less than an hour we were off again, with Smit,

De Korne, Dykstra, Smit's cook, our chauffeur, four Chinese women mission workers, also fleeing for safety, and myself, together with a lot of baggage, piled on and into the Ford. Those first twenty miles were negotiated with strained nerves and longing hearts. At any moment our machine might be commandeered by the soldiers and compelled to go in the opposite direction with a load of retreating northerners. In fact, we were stopped three times by these soldiers, but each time the size of our load, the number of foreigners present, and a smooth line of talk by the Chinese in the car managed to get us by.

Fifteen miles more and we would be at the river bank! We were feeling more cheerful right along when we suddenly heard the bang of a front tire blowing out. What to do? The ancient Ford had no demountable rims and it would take all of an hour to repair and change that tire. Besides, it was a rather ragged thing anyway, and so we decided to go on the rest of the distance with a flat tire. It wasn't very comfortable riding, but the trip wasn't a picnic anyway, and so no one minded. We were glad enough to keep going and constantly be approaching nearer to the protection of Uncle Sam's guns.

When we had rounded the last corner and were riding on the stretch along the river bank we suddenly had a view of the trim destroyer at anchor in the Yangtze, with the Stars and Stripes flying above. Our hearts were thrilled at the sight, and with one accord we joined in lustily singing "The Star Spangled Banner." I assure you, at a time like this one learns to appreciate what it means to be a citizen of the United States of America.



RETURNING TO SHANGHAI

EXAMINATION STALLS IN
NANKING

The picture on the left was taken on the U. S. S. "Pilsbury" after it had gone 200 miles up the Yangtze River to bring our missionaries back to the safety of Shanghai.

The picture on the right shows examination stalls in Nanking. In former days civil service examinations were given to those who wished to obtain a political position. Nanking was one of the great centers for these examinations. No opportunity was given to the aspirants to copy from each other. They were placed in small brick stalls about four feet deep and three feet wide completely inclosed with brick excepting on the side facing the front. The students were given a piece of board upon which to rest their writing materials. These examinations usually lasted three days. It is said that there were about 6,000 of these stalls in the city of Nanking alone. Many of them have been destroyed, but there are several hundred still in fairly good condition. These examinations were discontinued some twenty years ago.

The return trip was made in a few hours, and oh, how happy the worried wives were to see their long lost husbands again. I assure you we were all happy and thankful to God for sparing all of our Christian Reformed missionaries from injury.

April 8th, 1927.

This morning about one o'clock we were awakened by the sharp sound of rifle shots. The shooting seemed to be going on only a block or two away, and we wondered if the Reds were finally starting their threatened attack on the settlement. A little later we heard a machine gun go into action. It wasn't the rat-tat-tat of a Chinese machine gun, to the sound of which we had become accustomed in Nanking, but rather the continuous r-r-r-r-r of a faster shooting foreign machine gun. Shortly after we could hear automobiles with reinforcements rushing up the street, and we wondered whether we would have to dash to the warships for safety. However, no alarm was given and so we decided not to worry. The firing continued about an hour.

Today's newspaper stated that the firing was begun by guerillas sniping at Japanese soldiers on North Szechuen Road, three blocks from where our hotel, the Missionary Home, is. One of the Japanese soldiers was shot and is expected to die. The Japanese promptly returned the fire and sprayed the houses from which the firing came with machine gun bullets. North Szechuen Road is well lit by electric lights, and these lights were shot out by the Japanese officers so that the snipers would not be able to see their targets so well. British reinforcements were brought into action, and the snipers soon quit.

This morning Rev. De Korne and I took a walk to the scene of action. We could see the holes in windows and walls where the Japanese machine guns had peppered the buildings. An unusually large Japanese force was on hand to resist further attacks, and everybody was visibly in suspense, as though expecting the shooting to recur at any time.

These snipers make life miserable for the soldiers. In a fair and open battle the Chinese wouldn't have a chance with the foreigners, but Communist civilians lie in wait in some of the upper stories off a main road, and when they see some foreign troops march by, they take a shot at them, and at such close range do not have to be expert shots to seriously wound or kill.

In Hankow the rabid Chinese have been giving the Japanese grief also. Apparently an attempt was made to compel the Japanese to abandon their concession in Hankow, just as the British were compelled some time ago to do so. However, the Japanese are fully determined to hang on at all costs, and have sent hundreds of troops into their Hankow concession. They have thus far succeeded in keeping the Chinese mobs out, although it has cost the lives of several Japanese sailors.

The Nationalists, or rather the Red element among them, have apparently abandoned their original policy of directing their anti-foreign propaganda against the British alone. Now the Japanese, Americans, and French are included just as well as the British, and it is serving to unify these foreign nations against this Red element.

A serious thing occurred two days ago when the northern Chinese, on order of Marshal Chang, raided the Russian embassy at Peking. They found many papers of a very incriminating nature there, according to report. Also a large number of arms and ammunition.

Yesterday the Russian Soviet headquarters in Shanghai were surrounded by police and soldiers. Every person entering or leaving the building is now searched. The Russians, of course, bitterly resent this, but there is evidence in hand that they are be-

hind this big Red movement which threatens to destroy China, and which has already given so much grief to foreign powers.

This growth of Red influence in China is a terrible menace. Right now there is great danger of a world war, with China and Russia on one side, and the allied powers on the other side. Moreover, if such a war should eventuate, it is not at all impossible that India, the East Indies, Egypt, and possibly Germany would side with the Reds. And if the Reds



SHANGHAI TRENCHES

At the places that the British regarded as most dangerous, they built trenches and lined the walls of these trenches with sandbags. While we were sight-seeing at these trenches a British officer sounded a practice alarm and his men rushed to their positions in the trenches. Here you see some of them with rifles and a machine gun pointing towards Chinese territory. The lads in the picture are the two boys of Rev. De Korne.

should win, we surely would have the Antichrist here, for their anti-Christian spirit is bitter indeed, as is shown by their persecution of Chinese Christians in this country now.

According to a recent newspaper report, there are at present twenty-eight thousand foreign troops defending foreign lives and property in Shanghai.

These troops are apparently here to stay a long time, as they are firmly intrenching themselves. A ring of barbed wire and trenches has been built around the foreign concessions. Part of this barbed wire fence is close to where we are staying. It averages six feet in width, and is such a hopeless tangle and snarl of barbed wire, that it would seem an enemy would find it almost impossible to climb over in large numbers. In addition to this many strong barbed wire gates have been built, so large that when closed they swing clear across the streets. These are additional protection, for use probably in the event that the first line of barbed wire should prove insufficient. Besides, miniature forts are located everywhere in the concession. The Japanese have built a dandy on our street. It is made of sacks filled with sand and crushed stone, and then with sheet iron placed both inside and outside of this wall of sandbags. Square openings have been built on all sides of the little fort, so that the Japs can fire their machine guns and rifles through them. It sure makes one think of the blockhouses of Indian days. The French have built forts of considerable size at bridge heads and important road intersections. They are almost all of sandbags. Many of these have no soldiers in them, but have evidently been built so that in case of alarm they would serve as forts for the reinforcements who would be rushed in autos to the scene of fighting. The British have built some sand bag barricades on tops of buildings. Such positions ought to be excellent for dispersing mobs in the streets.

As I see it there are three forces to reckon with in Shanghai at this time. On the one hand, the forty thousand foreigners within the concession with twenty-eight thousand troops and the thirty or more warships to protect them. Secondly, there are the

conservative Chinese, who deplore violence and are doing their utmost to prevent outbreaks. Thirdly, and most dangerous, are the hot-headed Reds. These are stirring up violent anti-foreign feeling with their speeches and handbills, and they would like nothing better than that a concerted attack should be made on all the foreigners in Shanghai. Undoubtedly one of their motives is the possibility of looting this rich city. What a wonderful, wonderful time these mobs would have if they could overpower the foreigners, as they did in Hankow, Kiukiang, Wuhu, and Nanking, and then loot these fine homes and well-stocked stores. As they walk past the big department store windows on our main street, they must feel that the foreigners are very mean indeed in sending so many soldiers here to prevent them from smashing those windows and helping themselves to the luxury within.

If the mobs should start to riot here, undoubtedly many foreigners would be killed, as there are hundreds of thousands of Chinese within as well as without the concession, a force that could do tremendous damage before being checked by the soldiers. However, if they think they will have an easy time of it they are bitterly mistaken, as the allied nations are in a mood where they will back down no further, and any attack on the part of the Chinese will be met with ruthless resistance.

Many rumors have been circulating through town. Circulars were sent to well-to-do Chinese, warning them to get out of the city within ten days, as thereafter at any moment the concessions might be attacked. This circular had the signature of a southern Chinese general, but when shown to this man he said it was forged. However, many Chinese

are taking the warning as well meant and are moving out.

It is a grievous thing that China is in this present turmoil. It is not because the majority of their people want it so. Nine-tenths of Chinese are farmers, and the farmers that I have met are as big-hearted and fine people as one would care to know. All that they desire of their government is to be left alone in the peaceful pursuit of their work. In the cities there are also many splendid Chinese who loathe the spirit of the Reds as much as we do. The mettle of this class of people was shown in Nanking, where they risked their lives repeatedly that the foreigners might be saved. If this class had control of affairs we would have Nationalism in China of a type that all her friends would like to see. However, this great country is now apparently being led by sinister Russian Soviets and rattle-brained Chinese Reds, and the depths to which they are going to plunge this wonderful nation God only knows.

Rev. Smit's cook came to Shanghai this week Wednesday with a trunk, each for Smit and De Korne. He said there had been no disturbance whatever in Jukao following the departure of the last of our missionaries. The expected looting had not yet occurred. Furthermore, he said that the city is still in charge of the northerners and that many thousands of these soldiers are quartered in Jukao. There is great apprehension on the part of the people regarding their future, as they dread physical injury and looting when the change of government takes place.

Owing to the present unstable condition of affairs in this country it was decided to act on the suggestion of the Home Mission Board and return some of our missionaries to the States. The Board had

very wisely provided places for us in the event we had to return to the States. The China Mission has therefore asked Revs. De Vries, Kamps, and Selles with Miss Bode to return for a while. The rest of us will stay a bit longer to see how political affairs in China materialize. If it develops that mission work will be held up for a long, long time, the rest of us will also return to work in America.

At this time I feel it is important to guard against undue pessimism. Many missionaries of other denominations are returning home, disgusted with affairs in China, and determined never to come back. However, I do not think that is the spirit in which our God would like to have us face the present situation. It would also be unworthy of our Dutch "never say die" traditions. It may be a long time before we can resume missionary work in China, but when that time comes, may our Christian Reformed Church not be the last to respond!

April 16th, 1927.

A few days ago our cook came from Nanking to see us. We had asked him to come so that we could settle accounts with him and have him return to his home in Wuhu. He said that on March 24th, the day of the Nanking outrage, four soldiers entered our cottage. They fired one shot to thoroughly frighten the cook and his wife. Then they set to work to rob the place. They and the rabble which followed them—mostly coolies from the south end of Nanking—took everything they could carry away. Even the floors were ripped up with the idea of finding things hidden underneath them. The language school compound, in which our cottage is situated,

is now used as barracks for a thousand southern soldiers, and our erstwhile cozy cottage is at present serving as a kitchen for these soldiers. You must be personally acquainted with the Chinese mode of living, and particularly their ideas of cleanliness, to imagine what that house looks like now.

Mr. Davis, the American consul at Nanking, together with another man, the cook did not know, probably the British consul, made a personal investigation of conditions at Nanking, under protection of southern officers. They were undoubtedly making an appraisal of the damage done.

If there ever is indemnity paid for the damage done, I am afraid it will be a long, long time from now. China right now is very poor. She is burdened with great debts to foreign nations. And on top of that she is now engaged in a great civil war, to carry on which she must bleed the country white. In this war many millions of dollars worth of foreign property has been looted or destroyed, not only in Nanking, but in many other places as well.

A report received a few days ago from Jukao shows that our property there is still intact. But how long it will remain so is a grave question. Our evangelists, still on the job in Jukao, have received requests from southern propagandists for permission to use our chapels for their meetings. If their request is granted there will be trouble with the northern authorities, who are still in possession of the town. If not granted, revenge, double revenge, will be taken if the town is captured by the southerners. Our China Mission Board has instructed the evangelists not to permit the buildings to be used for political purposes. If the evangelists fear trouble because of this attitude, they are given permission to close the doors and ask the town magistrate to

officially seal the place. If in spite of this the place is broken open and used for political meetings, it simply cannot be helped.

It seems that the southerners are continuing their successes. According to this morning's paper, more towns have been taken and thirty thousand northerners captured. At this rate it will not be long before Jukao is also under southern rule. Which does not look so rosy for early resumption of work there.

Dr. Huizenga's family left yesterday. They are planning to return home over Europe. Their first stop is Hongkong. From there Dr. Huizenga will make a side trip to the Philippine Islands. Then the family will probably proceed to the East Indies. From there to Singapore, then to the Holy Land, through Europe to America. It is a wonderful trip and of exceedingly great educational and inspirational character. I hope we shall be able to make it some day.

The Selleses are planning to leave Shanghai during the coming week. They have had difficulty in getting satisfactory passage across the Pacific. It is a keen disappointment to them to be obliged to return, as they, perhaps more than any of us, have an intense longing to work in China.

The remaining force will consist of the De Korne, Smit, S. Dykstra, and our families. How long we shall remain in Shanghai depends upon the outcome of events. We shall, of course, seize the first opportunity for resuming work. If this appears impossible, the Home Board will undoubtedly request us also to come home. This job of marking time and watching developments in China is not at all to my liking. I should like to take some courses in the one good medical school China has—the Peking Medical School—but that appears to be inadvisable

right now because so many foreigners are evacuating Peking, fearing trouble there, and the Medical College may soon be completely without foreign doctors.

Shanghai is more and more taking on a military appearance. Soldiers and sailors of all nationalities are abundant on the streets. The American marines are the best dressed of the lot. They are, almost without exception, big, husky fellows, and look very trim in their well fitting, green khaki uniforms. For snap in marching and at drill I think the British must be accorded first place. They go through their Manual of Arms with machine like precision, and their salute to an officer is a pleasure to see. The Dutch marines look as though they could put up a real fight if called upon to do so, but Holland is too economical in supplying its men with uniforms and equipment, so that the men lack the snappy appearance of the Americans and British.

Reinforcements are coming right along. Yesterday we saw another battalion of British soldiers, just landed, marching to their barracks. The Americans have two more battalions of marines enroute, and we are watching the papers for the time of their arrival.

In some sections of town complicated trenches have been dug. We visited one such sector yesterday—directly opposite a large Chinese University. I suppose the trenches are much like those built in France during the Great War—very angular, and with communicating trenches leading back to the rear. We took a picture of Yvonne standing with her doll in one of these trenches. She looked a bit out of place, but seemed to feel pretty much at home. While we were viewing these trenches a practice alarm was sounded, and in a few seconds

the trenches were manned by British soldiers with rifles and machine guns pointing to Chinese territory.

Siccawei Road is the boundary line between the French concession and Chinese territory. The road is divided into two parallel sections by a small creek. All bridges across this creek are guarded by soldiers, on the French side by "Frogs," and on the Chinese side by southern soldiers. People passing from one side to the other are searched for hidden weapons. Plenty of these are being found on Chinese entering the concession.

In addition to numerous miniature sandbag fortresses and barricades, the French have a number of small armored guard houses. These are just large enough to accommodate two or three men, standing close together, and have peepholes through which rifles may project. They are set on four low wheels and are towed to their locations by armored cars or other automobiles.

Considerable fighting is going on in Chinese territory between regular Chinese soldiers under command of conservative Nationalists, and armed Communistic laborers receiving orders from the Shanghai Labor Union. While writing the above, numerous rifle shots were heard. British airplanes are buzzing overhead. During the fighting against the Communists in the last few days one hundred and twenty Chinese have been killed and almost twice that number wounded. Up to the present the conservatives have won out in Shanghai. If they are able to maintain the lead, the tens of thousands of foreign soldiers and sailors here will have no fighting to do.

The struggle between the conservative and radical elements in the Nationalist party continues. A

meeting is to be held in Nanking on the 18th of this month to determine which side will lead the party. The foreigners, of course, are hoping that Soviet influence will receive its knockout.

The women are downtown trying to buy hats. Former attempts have been fruitless. Ollie doesn't have much trouble, but the other women still have their "vrouwen sieraad" and cannot get hats large enough.

Beggars are increasing in numbers in this town. The happy-go-lucky soldiers and sailors are liberal with their money so long as they have any of it, and the Chinese are taking full advantage of it.

Much counterfeit money is in circulation in Shanghai. A favorite trick of ricksha coolies is to receive a silver coin from the passenger, and when the passenger has turned his back to go away the ricksha man will call him back and show him a counterfeit coin, which he says has been handed to him. These counterfeit coins are carried by the coolies and deftly exchanged for the good one the passenger gave. If the passenger is not positive his coin was a good one, he can do little else than pay again. I was caught twice that way, but no more.

May 4th, 1927.

What must we do? That is the question each member of our China mission is struggling with at the present time, and we seem to be unable to reach a satisfactory answer. If we only had some gifted prophet tell us how soon missionary work may be resumed, we would know quickly enough what to do. But where shall we find such a prophet? No one is able to say how long foreigners will be

obliged to remain under the protection of troops and war vessels, if they wish to be in China at all. We have made inquiries from many individuals and organizations as to when missionaries will be able to return to their stations, and their guesses range from a few months to many years. The majority estimate two years before mission work can be resumed. That is also the guess of Mr. Spiker, one of Shanghai's American consuls. He added that one of the largest missionary boards was working on the assumption that it would be a five-year delay.

The work still being done in Jukao through native employees is of a very fragmentary character. We heard some disquieting reports regarding the loyalty of our Chinese hospital staff, and it was therefore decided to close the hospital until a foreign doctor could again assume control. The three microscopes, eye case, and some valuable surgical instruments are in our possession in Shanghai.

The evangelists are still in the employ of the mission, but are unable to hold regular services in the chapel. They are doing some personal work and keeping their chapel open for those who care to come in for conversation or to purchase Bibles.

Dr. Huizenga's personal servants have all been dismissed and the house sealed by the Jukao magistrate. The other missionaries have decided to retain their servants for the time being. They receive only a few dollars a month, so that there is no considerable expense involved, and their presence serves to discourage looting as well as to prevent the houses being used by the soldiers. They are very uneasy, however, as they say the pressure is becoming stronger right along, and they feel that very soon the houses will be looted and occupied by the soldiers.

Our force is making an effort to get all valuables out of the Jukao homes. Already several boxes full have been brought to Shanghai by the employees. They have just been sent on another trip to Jukao with instructions to put everything of value, excepting furniture, on board a Chinese boat and take it to Shanghai. Here it will be placed in storage.

The De Korne, Smit, and Pousma families are living at the Missionary Home, a cheap hotel maintained especially for missionaries. Rev. S. A. Dykstra's family is boarding in another section of town. All of this is costing a great deal of money. We are paying the equivalent of what it would cost us to live in Nanking or Jukao, and are charging the rest to the Mission. But even this expensive living is not satisfactory. Mrs. De Korne cannot stand it very well, and it isn't good for Eunice Smit or our baby either. Shanghai is a very hot, damp place in the summer and if we are to remain here we must have a bigger, airier place than we have in this musty building. Or, we can go to Japan for a few months at approximately the same expense.

Under the circumstances, we are put in the position of expensive wards with very little constructive work to do, and no assurance when it may be resumed. This is thoroughly unpleasant to me.

There are three solutions to the problems as I see it. One is to salvage as much of the Jukao property as possible, and then close down the work definitely for one year, with the exception of the work of the Chinese evangelists, who could be asked to stick as long as they could carry on their work. Our foreign group then could return to America and engage in the work the Home Board has planned for us. If at the end of the year other mission boards had found it possible to resume work by foreign

missionaries, our men could be returned to China; if not, the period in the home country could be lengthened until we received our cue from the older and bigger boards to return to our mission stations.

The second suggestion is to have De Korne and Smit remain here for the time being, while Dykstra and I return to the homeland. The purpose of having two men in China would be that they might act as a committee to keep watch as well as they could over the \$50,000 (Mexican) worth of property we have in Jukao and also to supervise the work of the evangelists. Furthermore, just as soon as it becomes at all possible to return, these men could act as advance agents. Their families would have to remain in Shanghai during the year, but the men could spend most of their time in Jukao, if the work should open up, cautiously recommencing their activities, first through the evangelists and later in person. Two men certainly would be sufficient for that purpose for one year. If later the clouds should clear away to such an extent that full work could be resumed, they could put in a call for reinforcements from America.

The third plan would be for all of us to continue our present "watchful waiting," spending our time as best we can with the language and reading, and hoping that it will not be very long before we can get back to work. I am not in favor of this plan partly because of the great expense of living away from our stations in the Orient, and also because of the absolute uncertainty as to the time when work can be resumed. If this course is decided upon, I feel it will be imperative that I go to some medical center for the greater part of the period, as it will not do for me to be entirely out of touch with medicine for any considerable period of time.

Our problem is unique because our mission is so new and so small, and also because we have no other mission stations in the Orient. The Northern Presbyterians have solved their problem by sending one-third of their six hundred missionaries home, one-third to Presbyterian missions in Japan and Korea, and retaining one-third for "watchful waiting" in China. They would probably be willing to send many more of their men home were it not for the psychological influence upon the home church of sending ALL the China missionaries home, as well as the danger of completely disrupting a broad organization in China.

Mr. Marx, China Secretary of the Christian Church, expressed the opinion that we should not be in too great a hurry to go back to our fields. He says the Chinese have received great benefits from the foreigners in recent years, especially in the establishment of mission schools and hospitals. These things have almost been forced upon them, and as a result they were not appreciated excepting by a few. Furthermore, he thinks we have been entirely too lenient with the Chinese when they proved themselves unloyal and destructive,—too ready to forgive and forget, with the result that ere long the crime is committed again. His attitude is that we ought to let the child get hungry, so that it will be eager for that which it has been receiving with disdain.

This idea of Mr. Marx strikes me as being rather extreme, as we can hardly hope for the Chinese to extend an urgent invitation to us foreigners to come and bring them our religion. However, there is food for thought present.

Another observer is of the opinion that no substantial missionary work can again be done here

until the various governments have come to an agreement with a stabile government in China regarding revision of treaties, and remarks that judging from the way the Nanking affair is dragging along, that will be a long, long time.

I am not discouraged about present circumstances. With our Calvinistic views of God and His plans, what poor soldiers we would be to lose our morale! However, we do earnestly pray that He will enlighten us, so that during this year and the years to come we may be engaged in the work that He wishes us as His representatives to do.

The political condition in China is more chaotic than ever. The three parties now are Chang Tso Lin, the northern war lord; the Communists under Russian influence at Hankow, and the conservative Nationalists under General Chiang Kai Shek, with headquarters in Nanking. The last party is our best hope for the future, but occasionally we hear of things that fill us with sad misgivings. Thus we learn that in Nanking, their capital, looting continues to such an extent that even the bricks of the buildings are being stolen. In the Chinese section of Shanghai a foreigner was leaving the magistrate's office with a vise assuring him of Chinese protection, but before he left the compound he heard one of the guards say, "Kill the foreign devil," and he was very glad to reach the protection of foreign guns alive. Another foreigner, a woman of about fifty-five years of age, wanted to go to a Chinese brass shop, a half block beyond the barbed wire barricades. She asked a Chinese policeman if it was all right, and he replied, "Yes." She had barely gotten into the Chinese section when ten southern soldiers seized her and attempted to drag her into the heart of Chinatown. She was indignant at first, and then thoroughly

frightened. Fortunately a French-speaking Chinese appeared. He engaged the soldiers in conversation, and then whispered in French to the woman, "Run for your life to the barricades." She did, and escaped. Yesterday Rev. Smit wanted to speak with one of our former employees, now engaged in a Chinese hospital. He called by telephone, but when the Chinese realized a foreigner was speaking to them they would not grant his request but called him some very filthy Chinese names. To get the nurse he wanted to speak to he had to have a Chinese make the telephone call. All of which makes us feel that perhaps things won't be so rosy even if the so-called "conservative Nationalists" win out.

Here in the Settlement, within the barricades, everything is peaceful. The Chinese realize that a very powerful foreign force is here, and that they must therefore behave themselves.

Military activity is seen on almost every street. Two days ago we saw the French forces in parade and were astonished to note that they had such a strong force in Shanghai. There must have been two full regiments passing in review before the French Consul General Naggiar and Admiral Basire. Most of the soldiers were Annamese. The force is chiefly infantry, but there were also five tanks and five armored cars. Machine guns were plentiful, and also some mortars and three-inch guns.

The British are doing a lot of rifle practice. At Hongkew Park, a mile from our hotel, is a rifle range, and here every day the British soldiers may be seen firing away with their rifles and machine guns. Some of them are remarkably good shots.

Hongkew Park is also the favorite drill ground of the Japanese and we like to watch them go through their various manoevers. The Japanese are

very fond of children, and they surely took to Yvonne. One squad of soldiers asked for permission to have a picture taken of them with Yvonne in the center.

This week another shipload of marines arrived from America. I understand there is still another ship enroute with about two thousand marines. That will give America a strong force in Shanghai. We saw some of the new men downtown yesterday and they were getting a great kick out of seeing China for the first time in their lives.

The defence force is showing no signs of relaxing their vigilance. Instead they are replacing some of their baby sandbag fortresses with concrete structures. I thought it rather significant too when a small newspaper article recently contained the information that a lease recently taken out by the British on a building to serve as barracks for incoming soldiers was written for a term of two years.

Occasionally we run across bits of humor. So there is a tailor, popular with sailors. He has a sign over his shop, "Jelly Belly, the Tailor." I suppose the name was given to him by some sailor who insisted he should have a foreign name that could be remembered.

Another shop offers to make floor rugs, overcoats, etc., "out of your own skin." Another place is called the "Sunrise Toilet Saloon." It is only a ladies' hairdressing parlor.

The Chinese are strong for lots of noise. One notices that particularly in walking along their business streets, and also on Chinese holidays. One missionary made the rather appropriate remark that the Chinese idea of a good time is to sit in the house and beat on a tin pan. Some, however, are more progressive and employ bands of from three to

twenty pieces. Their selection of music is a bit unusual. A few days ago I passed a rather wild looking place that looked like a tea shop, and heard a band in it playing "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus." If they can possibly afford it they will have bands in their wedding and funeral processions, but fortunately the people in the procession have no idea of what is being played. If they did they would probably object to the choice of "John Brown's Body Lies a Moulderin' in the Grave" for a wedding procession, and "Tipperary" for a funeral.

Thursday, June 2nd, 1927—1000 Miles West of Seattle.

The decision was made—sooner than I anticipated—yet not too soon, I think. About two months had passed since the Nanking disaster, and instead of matters improving, they were continuously becoming worse, so that the China Mission finally concluded, although with much reluctance, to send Dykstra and myself home. It seems a pity to be compelled to return so shortly after reaching China, and yet I feel fully convinced that it is the wise course under the circumstances, as no one knows how long it will be before work can be resumed in China, and it would be foolish to hang on in Shanghai indefinitely, waiting for the clouds to clear. The two men remaining have a definite work to do in supervising what can still be done by the Chinese evangelists in our territory, but there is no object in holding four families on the job.

After the decision to return was reached, there was quite a bit of work to do in getting ready for the return journey. Fortunately we were able to get sailing accommodations on the "President Lincoln,"

sailing from Shanghai May 21st. Dykstra was able to get good second class accommodations on the "Empress of Canada" sailing two weeks later, and decided to go that way. We decided to have most of our freight returned to America, leaving only a bookcase and some boxes of theological books in China. It was quite a job to get this freight off. It takes several days to go through all the red tape. Among other things, a statement from the consul had to be obtained to the effect that the goods being returned originated in America, so that no duty would be charged in Seattle. Furthermore, we had to get the goods through Chinese custom, as an export duty of five per cent is charged on all Chinese bought goods leaving the country. Then, several trips had to be made to the office of the steamship company to get the bills of lading straightened out. As a matter of fact, we didn't complete the transaction until the afternoon before we sailed.

The Navy Y. M. C. A. runs a good barber shop in Shanghai, and that was another one of our stopping points previous to sailing. They have a custom which it would be well for some of our American barbers to copy. Instead of using just plain sheets to protect the customer, as is done in America, the Shanghai barbers have sleeves made in the sheets. After a customer has put his arms through these, the barber hands him a newspaper so that he can read while having his hair cut. It really is a big improvement over our American method.

The Shanghai Navy Y. M. C. A. is a very popular rendezvous of our American sailors and marines. At almost any hour of the day large numbers may be seen there. It is their bureau of information as well as the place for meeting their friends.

One regrettable feature about our sailors and

marines in Shanghai is the frequency with which these men are seen drunk on the streets. The British have three times as large a force in Shanghai as we have, and yet when a drunken man is seen the chances are five to one that he is an American sailor or marine. This does not necessarily mean that the character of our boys is any worse than that of other soldiers. One reason undoubtedly is that, coming from a prohibition country, where liquor is hard to get, very expensive, and of a poor quality, they think they are in Paradise when they hit Shanghai and find they can buy excellent brands of full strength brandies and whiskies for 75 cents gold, per pint. Another reason is that they are the best paid soldiers in the world and therefore have more money to spend for these things than the fighters of other nations. Furthermore, having been deprived of the drinking privilege for a long time they are not physically adapted to carry as heavy a load as those who have been getting their drink regularly every day.

Physiologists tell us that the first effect of alcohol on the nerve centers is exhilaration, and the second cessation of the inhibitory centers. As a result, the man partly under is frequently unusually gay and does things he would not otherwise do. So a party of marines was reported going down Szechuen Road with a lariat, attempting to pull down Chinese Nationalist flags, cowboy fashion. They did succeed in pulling down one but by that time all the rest of the shopkeepers in the street had taken warning and had pulled in the flags themselves. Another not infrequent sight was to see the sailors racing through town in rickshas. This would not be so bad were it not for the fact that they kick the ricksha pullers in urging them to go faster. The place to be kicked is

only six or eight inches from the passenger's toe, so it is a very easy and tempting operation, although if sober, the sailors would never think of treating a fellow man in that fashion. Ordinarily the Chinese would bitterly resent this indignity to their own people, but I think they excuse the sailors to a considerable degree because they know they are under the influence of liquor and not fully responsible for what they are doing. The feelings of the coolies are greatly alleviated by the fact that the American sailors and soldiers pay them unusually well for their work. They are willing to stand a great deal for the sake of the money that they receive. It is very significant that in the neighborhood of the Navy Y. M. C. A., the favorite hangout of our soldiers and sailors, the streets are almost blocked with ricksha pullers eagerly looking forward to having our military men as fares.

On the evening before sailing we had a farewell supper in one of the Shanghai restaurants. This farewell supper is an established custom with our missionaries in China. Whenever any one of them returns to the home land, a delegation or all of our missionaries get together with him on the last evening of his stay in China and have a farewell supper.

May 21st was the date of our sailing. In the morning of that day Revs. De Korne, Smit and Dykstra with their families boarded the tug boat which took us out to the huge "President Lincoln," lying at anchor in the middle of the Whangpoo River. It was hard to say goodbye to DeKorne and Smit. We just hated to leave them alone in China. It must have been especially hard for Rev. DeKorne to see one missionary after another return to the home land, because he, as one of the pioneer missionaries of our church to China, has his very soul wrapped

up in the China Mission. Last summer everything looked so rosy, with the work going on well and the force about to be doubled; and now, less than a year later, it looks as though the work is entirely petering out. Not one of our missionaries could remain in Jukao and only two of them are remaining in China. These thoughts must have been in the mind of De Korne as he stood on the deck of the tug boat watching us leave. I can still see the deeply sorrowful expression on his face as he stood next to the black smoke stack of the tug boat. But he with us has the Christian assurance that missionary work is not the work of man. It is God's work, and His eternal plans cannot be thwarted by any power on earth or in hell.

Upon boarding the "President Lincoln" we were surprised to see so many marines on deck. We learned later that there were fifty of them with their officers. The reason for these marines being present was that there had been a threat of mutiny on board. The ship had been used as a transport to take marines from America to China and according to government rules, only white sailors could be employed aboard ship. As a result the regular Chinese coolie crew was relieved of duty and a new American crew was taken on at San Francisco. Upon the return journey this crew was not needed as the coolies could do the work fully as efficiently. The new American crew was therefore given free passage back to America. There were apparently some rowdies in this crew who were dissatisfied with their accommodations and they stirred up so much fuss enroute from Hongkong that the ship's officers became alarmed and sent a wireless to Shanghai to have marines come aboard as soon as the ship reached that port. In response to this fifty marines

with their officers came aboard. They left again just before the ship weighed anchor.

There were not many passengers aboard. We were told that the cabins would fill up in Japan. As a result of the limited number of passengers, we could have our pick of the tables in the dining room, which is regarded a desirable thing by ocean travelers.

On this return journey we were impressed by the fact that the folks did not dress nearly so well as when we left America for oriental ports. Upon leaving the home land, men, and particularly women, have all of their finest new gowns with them and dress beautifully. By the time they return to America, either the clothes have been pretty well worn and show signs of age, or the passion to outshine others in the matter of dress has lost its edge. At all events there is a marked difference in the clothing of the passengers between the going and returning journey.

Just as we turned from the Whangpoo River into the Yangtze River, we noticed a small fleet of ships flying the flag of the Nationalist party of China. Two or three of them were fairly good sized cruisers, but most of them were very small and certainly of very little use beyond scouting after pirates.

We were on the Yangtze River perhaps two hours when we entered the Yellow Sea. This body of water well deserves its name for a distance of about sixty miles from the mouth of the Yangtze, but from there on to Japan it has the clear blue color of the Pacific. A remarkable phenomenon is the clear line of demarcation between that part of the sea which is yellow with the silt of the Yangtze River, and the blue part. This line is so distinct that it would seem one could run the edge of a knife along it. One sails

along for hours on this uniformly yellow fluid and then suddenly crosses the definite and distinct line to the clear blue water of the eastern half of the Yellow Sea.

Another strange thing we noted while crossing the Yellow Sea was a mirage. To the south of us it seemed as though there were peculiarly shaped low mountains, many of them with holes tunneled through them, allowing the water of the sea to pass through. They seemed so thoroughly real that it was hard for us to believe we were being deceived. However, while watching these hills closely, we could notice that they were very gradually changing form and some of them finally disappeared entirely so that we were forced to agree with one of the ship's officers that what we were looking at was only a mirage.

On this trip across the Yellow Sea the water was calm. The sea has the reputation, however, of occasionally kicking up furiously and troubling navigators with very serious and treacherous storms.

Upon entering the Inland Sea we passed a number of Japanese submarines which were headed for China.

Again we were deeply impressed with the beauty of this Inland Sea with its green covered hills and mountains on all sides. Looking down from the deck into the clear green water we noticed swarms of jelly fish. These are exceedingly pretty animals of various sizes from four inches to twelve inches in diameter. They looked like transparent flowers floating a short distance below the surface of the water. The delicate edges of these fish sway gently up and down in the water as though made of the finest white silk fabric. These fish look too beautiful and innocent to hurt anyone, but people who

have had experience bathing in these waters say that if a bather comes in contact with such a fish he is stung unmercifully.

Our first stop in Japan was Kobe. Again we were impressed with the wonderful collection of souvenirs that can be bought at low prices in the numerous stores of this town, and we bought just as many as we felt we were financially able to.

The evening that we were in Kobe, we again had our famous skiaki supper. It was delicious, as usual. The Japanese maids in this restaurant did not seem to be able to leave Yvonne alone. They were much more interested in playing with her than in serving us, and we were again impressed with the exceedingly great fondness which the Japanese have for children.

After leaving Kobe we made a stop at Shimidzu. This little Japanese city is located about sixty miles southwest of Yokohama on the beautiful Suruga Bay. It is not a regular stop of the trans-Pacific liners. The reason we cast anchor there on this trip is that a large cargo of tea was to be taken aboard. We anchored about a mile off shore. Large flat barges brought the tea to the ship's side, and the bales were then taken aboard with cranes.

An astonishingly beautiful view of Mt. Fuji was obtainable from the deck of the ship while we were at Shimidzu. The top of the mountain was covered with a blanket of snow and about half way up the mountain a dense cloud lay round about it like a huge collar. As the day progressed, this cloud gradually rose until it reached the top of the mountain.

The ring-leader of the alleged mutineers got into some trouble at this port. This man was a very interesting character. He was a short, slender, gray-

haired man of about fifty, a great talker, and very popular with his crowd. He could play an organ beautifully. Many a time we saw him at the organ on the steerage deck, with a big crowd of men round about him, playing all kinds of songs—ragtime, popular hymns and classics. He wanted to go by train from Shimidzu to Yokohama and meet the boat there. The captain gave him permission and so he started off. However, upon reaching shore the Japanese officials asked him for his passport, which unfortunately he did not have. They thereupon refused to permit him to land and made him return to the big boat. Just before he reached our boat, the anchor of the "President Lincoln" was lifted and we started to sail away. Ropes were thrown down to him by his comrades with the suggestion that he climb up, but apparently this did not look good to him, especially since he would have to carry his baggage along too, and he refused to take hold. So he was in a nice predicament. The Japanese did not want him, and our boat was pulling away so he could not get aboard. We learned later that he had returned to the Shimidzu docks and upon explaining the situation, the Japanese authorities allowed him to take the train to Yokohama.

Our next stop was Yokohama. Once again we passed an active volcano. White smoke could be seen slowly rising from the crater on top of this volcano island and there were also two smaller outlets for vapors along the sides.

Just before we docked at Yokohama, we noticed a trim little cruiser lying in the bay. This proved to be a German man-of-war, the "Emden," a new ship named in honor of the famous raider of European war days. Its guns were small, undoubtedly because of limitations placed on the Germans by the allied

nations, but it surely was a good looking boat and its crew kept it looking spick and span.

Yokohama looked decidedly different from what it did less than a year ago. Many of the shacks had been torn down. Roads were widened and modern buildings were in the course of erection. We were also well impressed with the cleanliness of the town. I am not so sure whether this impression was received from comparing this town with the Yokohama of last year, or from comparing it with the land of China, which we had just left.

The following day we went to Tokyo in one of the splendid fast trains that so frequently run between Yokohama and Tokyo. This time we got off the train at the main station in Tokyo. It is a very large modern structure, comparable with some of our best railroad stations in America.

We had only two hours in which to see Tokyo and decided that the best way to see it was in rickshas. We first visited the grounds of the Imperial Palace. Some sturdy looking Japs were stationed at the entrances to the palace buildings so we had to content ourselves with looking at them from a distance. They surely presented a very attractive appearance. Some of the buildings were built of huge cut stones and looked like the historic castles of Europe. The park adjoining the Imperial Palace has been laid out on modern lines. This was particularly true with regard to the streets. Most of the streets in Japan, as well as in China, are desperately narrow; but in sharp contrast with this, these newly laid out streets in this Tokyo park must have been fully two hundred feet wide. They were wider than anything I have seen in any of our American cities. In another Tokyo park that we went to, we found a small zoo and also a playground crowded with Japa-

nese children. At noon we hurried back to our boat and soon started off for America.

The number of passengers was greatly increased. Every cabin on ship was occupied. We were also glad to have table companions for the remainder of our journey. These were Mr. and Mrs. John Davis of Seattle. Mr. Davis is President of a Telephone Company which operates in western Montana, the panhandle of Idaho, and eastern Washington. A distinguished passenger who boarded the ship at Yokohama was John Q. Tilson, Congressman from Connecticut, and Republican floor leader. He and his wife were delightful traveling companions, and their companionship was enjoyed by all aboard ship.

We had sailed only a short distance from the Yokohama dock when anchor was dropped again. We wondered what this was for but soon noticed that the ship was being searched thoroughly from top to bottom. Every possible hiding place on board ship was thoroughly investigated, the procedure taking fully an hour. Upon inquiry we learned that this was regularly done whenever a ship sailed for America in order that stowaways might be searched for. United States is the land of promise to orientals as well as to the people of Europe, and they try desperately to reach our country. On a previous journey of this same ship ten stowaways were found shortly before the ship reached the Hawaiian Islands. The presence of these stowaways is not only undesirable, but it means a big expense to the ship's owners as these persons must be returned to their native countries at the expense of the steamship company. In order to avoid this a very thorough search of the ship is made before it leaves the last oriental port for America.

No stowaways were found and we started again. Land remained in sight for many hours, first in Tokyo Bay and later along the shore of Japan as we sailed northward. During the early night we thought we saw a number of good sized towns on the shore because of numerous lights in groups extending from one to two miles in length. Experienced travelers, however, assured us that these were not lights of towns but lights of fishing boats. The fishermen go out together in large numbers to points where fish abound.

Early the following morning we were on deck and were rewarded by seeing the spouting of whales in the distance. The whales were not close enough to be seen but at regular intervals we could see the white jets of water thrown into the air.

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We did not sail in a direct line from Yokohama to Seattle, but in a big circle so that we went almost as far north as the Aleutian Islands of Alaska. This is really the shortest route owing to the roundness of the earth. If we had gone in a straight line from Yokohama to Seattle, the distance would actually have been farther than it was by making the circle to the north. As we passed along the coast of Vancouver Island and saw the mountains of North America, a thrill of joy filled our hearts. How good it seemed to see the North American continent again! And when, shortly after, we passed Cape Flattery and sailed alongside the white capped mountains of the Olympian range, mountains located in our own United States, we felt that we were

home again, and I am sure there were tears of joy in the eyes of many of the passengers.

Our first stop was the Canadian city of Victoria. We hired an automobile and were driven all through this town and its surroundings by a very courteous and well informed Canadian. How beautiful the streets seemed! How clean everything seemed to be! How attractive the English primroses and other flowers, and trees of every description! It was a wonderful tonic to folks who had spent months in the Orient. This indeed was God's country.

We remained in Victoria only a very short time to unload some passengers and freight and then proceeded to Seattle. On all sides of us we could see beautiful mountains covered with green trees. How grateful we people of America ought to be that we have such a clean, roomy, beautiful, fertile, exceedingly rich country as these United States!

Upon reaching Seattle we were met by Rev. and Mrs. Bert Selles, still feeling downcast because they were compelled to drop their beloved work in China; Rev. and Mrs. A. Guikema, cheerful and cordial as ever; Mrs. J. Mulder, wife of the Everett pastor; and my brother Bert, who had come especially from Denver to welcome us back home. It surely seemed good to have these kind friends meet us there.

Passing customs was a tedious job. We had three trunks and three boxes of goods with us besides suitcases, and everything had to be opened and searched. It was quite a job to do all this and then put everything back into place again. We were fortunate in striking two cordial custom's officials, whose only dissatisfaction with our declaration was that we had rated our goods too high and they insisted upon

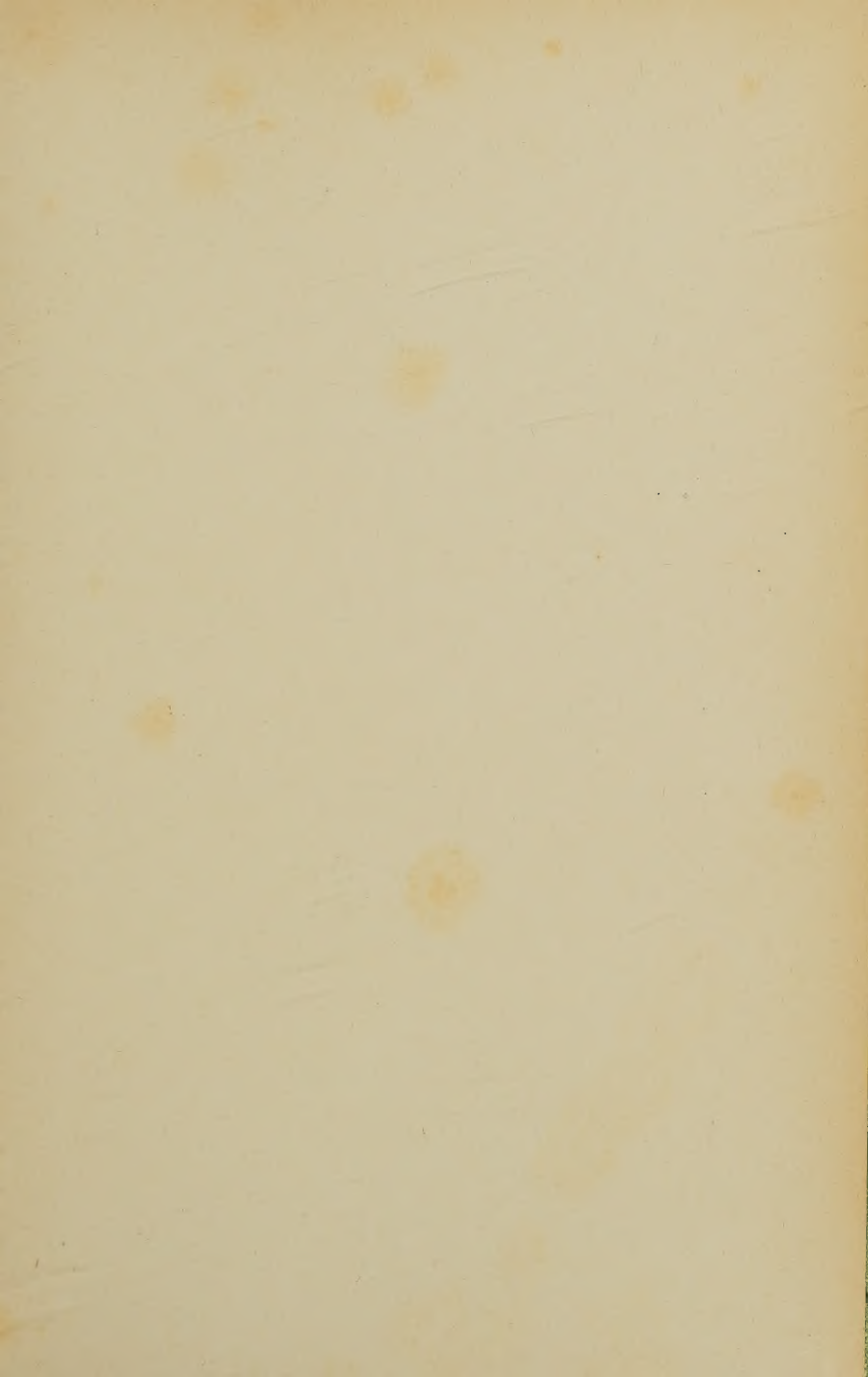
lowering the values given, all of which made us very happy, as it meant less duty to pay.

This ended our long journey, disappointing it is true, because we could not continue our work in China, but yet rich with experiences of many kinds. We enjoyed our journeys, we enjoyed our stay in China, and feel that all of it was highly worth while; but as Americans we were also very happy to be able to set foot on U. S. soil again, and felt like singing that famous old chorus:

"So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."



Dr. Pousma and family with Yvonne's grandparents, Professor and Mrs. W. Heyns, before their departure to Rehoboth, New Mexico, Dr. Pousma's new field of labor.









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